The Most Pleasant

HISTORY

OF

Tom A Lincoln

THAT EVER RENOWNED SOULDIER

THE

RED-ROSE KNIGHT

Who for his Valour and Chivalry, was Sirnamed

THE BOAST OF *ENGLAND.*

Shewing his Honourable Victories in Forrain Countries, with his strange Fortunes in the *Fayrie-Land*: and how he married the Faire *Anglitora*, Daughter to *Prester John*, that renowned Monark of the World.

Together with the Lives and Deaths of his two famous Sons, the *Black Knight*, and the *Fairy Knight*, with divers other memorable accidents, full of delight.

The Ninth Impression.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. R.* & *E. M.* for *Francis Coles* at the Signe of the *Half-bowle* in the *Old Baily*. 1655.

Very rare. I bought it of Burnstead, Feb. 1847, for £1.7.0. When reprinted by Rt. Thoms, the Editor was obliged to make an imperfect copy up by an abridged ed.: consequently it has never yet been absolutely reprinted entire.

8. The Most Pleasant History of Tom a Lincoln, that ever renowned souldier, the red-rose knight, who, for his valour and chivalry, was sirnamed the Boast of England; shewing his honorable victories in Forrain Countries, with his strange fortunes in the Fayrie Land, and how he married the faire Anglitora, daughter to Prester John, that renowned monark of the World; together with the lives and deaths of his two famous sons, the Black Knight and the Fairy Knight, with divers other memorable accidents, full of delight. 1655.

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To the Right Worſhipful, SIMON WORTEDGE, of Okenberrie *in the County of* Huntington Eſquire: *Health, Happineſs and Proſperity.*

THe general report and conſideration (right Worſhipful) of your exceeding courteſie, and the great friendſhip which my parents have heretofore found at the hands of your renowned Father, do imbolden me to preſent unto your Worſhip theſe my unpoliſht Labours; which if you ſhall vouchſafe to caſt a favourable glance upon, and therein finde any part or parcel pleaſing to your vertuous minde, I ſhall eſteem my travel moſt highly honoured. The Hiſtory (I preſent) you ſhall finde delightful, the matter not offenſive to any: onely my skill in penning it very ſimple, and my preſumption great, in preſenting ſo rude a piece of work to ſo wiſe a Patron; which I hope your Worſhip will the more bear with, & account the rather to be pardonable, in that the fault proceedeth from a good meaning.

Your Worſhips devoted, and poor Countrey-man,

R. I.

The Pleasant History OF *TOM A LINCOLNE*, The *Red-Rose* Knight:

For his Valour and Chivalry, Sir-named the *Beast of ENGLAND*.

CHAP. I.

How King Arthur *loved faire* Angellica *the Earle of* London *Daughter: and likewise of the birth of* Tom a Lincolne.

WHEN as King ARTHUR wore the Emperial Diadem of England, and by his Chivalrie had purchased many famous victories, to the great renowne of this mayden Land, he ordained the order of the Round Table, and selected many worthy Knights to attend his Majestie: of whose glistering renowne many ancient histories do record, and witnesse to all insuing ages.

This worthy Prince upon a time intending to visit the City of London with some few number of his Knights he came and feasted with Androgius, being at that time Earle of London, whose house (as then) was not only replenished with most delicate fare, but grac't with a number of beautifull Ladyes; who gave such a pleasing entertainment to King Arthur and his Knights, that they were ravished with pleasure, and quite forgot the sound of martiall Drums, that had wont to summon them forth to the fields of honour: Amongst these glorious troupes of London Ladies, Angellica the Earles daughter had the chiefest praise for beauty and courtly behaviour: for then as the silver-shining Moone in a Winters frosty night, surpasseth the brightest of the twinckling Stars, so faire Angellica's sweet feature exceeded the rest of

...dies: whereby King Arthur was so intangled in the snares ...ce, that by no meanes he could withdraw his affections from ...divine excellence. He that before delighted to tread a weary ...rch after Bellonas Drums, was now constreined to trace Cu...ds Measures in Ladies chambers: and could as well strain the ...ings of a lovers Lute, as sound a Souldiers alarme in the field: ...r beauty like the Adamant drew his steeled heart to lodge in the ...sure of her breast, and no company delighted so much the love...k King, as the presence of fair Angellica. So upon a time as he ...d looking out of his Chamber window, he espied the Mistris of ...r soul sitting in a garden under a bower of Vines, prettily pick...g the ripest Grapes with her delicate hands, and took such plea...nt paines in that mayden-like exercise, that the well coloured ...od in her face began to ware warm, and cheeks to obtaine ...ch an excellent beauty, that they seemed like two purple Roses ...termixt with Hawthorn-buds: whereby King Arthur grew amoured upon her, and stood for a time senseless through the treame passion he tooke in beholding her beauty: But at last covering his senses, he spake to her in this manner.

Oh most divine Angellica, Natures sole wonder, thou excellent ornament of Beauty, thy lovely face painted with a crimson dye, thy Rosicall Cheeks surpassing Snow in whitenesse, thy decent Necke like purest Ivory, hath like a Fowlers net intangled my yeelding heart: whereby it is for evermore imprisoned in thy breast. Oh that the golden Tresses of thy dainty Hair which shine like the Rubies, glittering in the Sun, had never twinkling before my ravisht eyes, then had my heart ensoyed his wonted liberty, and my Fancie been free from lovers vaine imaginations. Thus, and in like maner complained the King unto himselfe, seeking by all meanes possible to exclude Loves fire from his breast. But the more he strove to abandon it, the more it increased, and feeling no policie might prevaile, but that this burning torment must of force be quenched with her celestial love, he descended from his Chamber, and went bouldly into the Garden: where taking Angellica by the hand as she sate upon a bed of Violets which as then grew under the Arbour, in this maner began to court her.

Faire of all faires, (said the King) divine and beauteous Pagon, faire Flower of London, know that since my abode in thy

Fathers

Fathers house, thy beauty hath so conquered my affections, and so bereaved me of my liberty, that unlesse thou vouchsafe to coole my ardent desires with a willing grant of thy love, I am like to die a languishing death, and this Countrey England of force must lose him, that hath filled her bounds with many triumphant Victories: therefore sweet Angellica, if thy heart be so obdurate, that the teares of my true love may nothing mollifie, yet take pitty on thy Countrey, that through thy cruelty, she lose not her wonted glory, and be made unhappy, by the losse of her Soveraigne: thou seest my divine Angellica how I, that have made Princes stoop, and Kings to humble when I have frowned, do now submissively yield my high honour to thy feet, either to be made happy by thy love, or unhappy in thy hate, that in time to come, children may either blesse, or curse thee: Of these two consider which thou wilt performe either with cruelty to kill me, or with clemency to preserve me.

This unexpected request of the King, so amazed Angellica, that her Cheeks were stained with blushing shame, and like a bashful Maiden for a time stood silent, not knowing in what manner to answer him, considering he was a King of England and she but Daughter to an Earle: But at last, when fear and shame had a while strove together in her heart, she replied in this sort.

Most mighty King, (said she) if your entertainment in my Fathers house hath been honourable, seek not the foule dishonour of his Daughter, nor proffer to blemish the bud of her virginity with the least thought of your unchaste desires, the losse of which sweet Gemme, is a torment to my soul, more worse then death. Consider with your self (most worthy Prince) the black scandal that it may bring unto your name and honour, having a Queen, a most vertuous and loyal Princesse. Think upon the stain of your marriage-bed, the wrongs of your wedded Peere, and lasting infamy of your own glory, for this I vow (by Dianas bright Majesty) before I will yield the conquest of my virginity to the spoile of such unchast desires, I will suffer more torments then mans heart can imagine: therefore (most mighty Soveraign) cease your unreverend suit, for I will not lose that matchlesse Jewel, for all the treasure the large Ocean containes: And in speaking these words she departed thence, and left the love-sick King in the Arbour

complaining to the empty aire: where after he had numbred many determinations together, this he purposed; never to ceasle his suite, till he had gained what his soul so much desired: for continually at the break of day when Titans beauty began to shine, & Auroraes blush to appear, would he always send to her Chamber-window the sweetest musick that could be devised: thinking thereby to obtain her Love. Many times would he solicit her with rich gifts, and large promises rather befitting an Empresse, then the Daughter of an Earle, proffering with kindnesses, that if she had a heart of Iron, yet could she not choose but relent and requite his courtesies: for what is it that time will not accomplish, having the hand of a King set thereunto.

Twelve weary dayes King Arthur spent in wooing of Angellica, before he could obtain his hearts happinesse, and his souls content: at the end of which time she was as pliant to his will, as is the tender twig to the hand of the Husbandman. But how their secret meaning required a policy to keep their privy loves both from King Arthurs Queen, and from old Androgius, Angellicas Father: and that their secret joyes might long time continue without mistrust of any party whatsoever, this device they contrived: that Angellica should desire liberty of her Father, to spend the remain of her life in the service of Diana like one that abandoned all earthly vanitie, honouring true chastity and religious life: So, with a demure countenance, and a sober grace, she went unto her Father, and obtained such leave at his hands, that he willingly condescended that she should live as a professed Nun, in a Monastery that the King before time had builded in the City of Lincolne; and so furnish her forth with such necessaries as her state required, he gave her his blessing, and so committed her to Dianas service.

But now Angellica was no sooner placed in the Monastery & chosen a Sister of that fellowship, but King Arthur many times visited her in so secret a maner: & so disguisedly that no man suspected their pleasant meetings: But so long tasted they joyes of love, that in the end the Nun grew great-bellied, and poor K. *Arthurs* quittance sealed in her womb, & at the end of fourty weeks she was delivered; where in presence of the Midwife, & one more whom the King largely recompenced for their secrecy, she was made a mo-

ther

ther of a goodly ſon, whom King *Arthur* cauſed to be wrapped in a Mantle of green ſilke, tying a purſe of Gold about his necke, and ſo cauſing the Midwife to beare it into the field, and to lay it at a ſhepherds gate neer adjoyning to the City, in hope the old man ſhould foſter it as his own: by which means his *Angellicas* diſhonour might be kept ſecret from the world and his own diſgrace from the murmuring report of the vulgar people.

This his commandment was ſo ſpeedily perfomed by the Midwife that the very next morning ſhe ſtole the young Infant from his mothers keeping and bore it ſecretly to the place appointed, there laying it down upon a turfe of green graſſe: it ſeemed prettily to ſmile, turning his Chriſtall eyes up towards the elements, as though it foreknew its own good fortune. This being done, the Midwife withdrew her ſelfe ſome little diſtance from that place, and hid her ſelfe diſcloſely behind a well-growne Make, diligently marking what ſhould betide the comfortleſſe Infant: But long ſhe had not there remained but there flocked ſuch a number of little Birds about the young harmeleſſe Babe, and made ſuch a chirping melody, that it fell into a ſilent ſlumber, and ſlept as ſweetly as though it had been laid in a bed of ſofteſt ſilke. By this time, the golden Sun began to gliſter on the Mountain-top, and his ſiſter Luna to withdraw her waterish countenance: at which time the pleaſant ſhepherds began to tune their morning notes, and to repair unto their folded Sheep, according to their wonted manner: Amongſt which crew of luſty Swains, old Antonio approached out of his Gate with a cheerful countenance, whoſe Beard was as white as poliſhed ſilver, or like to Snow lying upon the Northern mountains: this bonny Shepherd no ſooner eſpied Angellicaes ſweet Babe lying upon the Hillock, but immediately he tooke it up; and viewing circumſpectly every part of the rich Veſtments wherein it was wrapped, at laſt found out the Purſe of Gold which the King had tied unto the Childs neck whereat the Shepherd ſo exceedingly rejoyced, that for the time he ſtood as a man raviſhed with pleaſure, and was not able to remove from the place where he ſtood: but yet at the laſt, thinking with himſelf that heaven had ſent him that good fortune, not onely giving him Riches but withal a Son to be a comfort to him in his latter years: ſo bearing it in to his old wife, and withal

withall the Purſe of Gold, and the rich Mantle, with the other things: who at the ſight thereof was as highly pleaſed as her Husband, when he found it firſt: ſo being both agreed to foſter and bring it up as their own, conſidering that Nature never gave them in all their life any child, incontinently they cauſed it to be chriſtned: and called by the name of *Tom A Lincolne* (after the Towne where it was found) a name moſt fitting for it, in that they knew not who were his true Parents.

But now we ſpeak againe of the Midwife, that after ſhe had beheld how kindly old *Antonio* received the young Infant ſhe returned back unto *Angellicaes* Chamber, whom ſhe found bitterly lamenting the loſſe of her tender Babe, thinking that ſome Fayrie Nimph had ſtolne it away: but ſuch was the kind comfort which the ſmooth-tongued midwife gave her in that extremity, whereby her ſorrow ſeemed the leſſe & her miſtruſtfull feare exchanged into ſmiling hope: yet neither would the King, nor the Midwife at any time whatſoever, make knowne unto her what was become of her little Son, but driving her off with delayes and fond excuſes, leſt having intelligence of his abode, ſhe ſhould (through kinde love, and natural affection) go viſit him, and ſo diſcover their Loves practices.

Thus lived the moſt fair Angellica many dayes in great griefe, wiſhing his returne, and deſiring Heaven that the Deſtinies might be ſo favourable that once again before the fatal Siſters had finiſhed her life ſhe might behold her Infants face: for whoſe preſence her ſoul thirſted.

Here will we leave the ſolitary Lady comfortleſſe and without company (except it were the King, that ſometimes viſited her by ſtealth) and report what happened to Tom a Lincoln in the Shepherds houſe.

CHAP. II.

Of the manner of *Tom of Lincolnes* bringing up, and how he firſt came to be called the *Red-Roſe Knight*: with other things that hapned to him.

GReat was the wealth that old Antonio gathered together, by meanes of the Treaſure he found about the Infants attire,

tire, whereby he became the richeſt in all that Countrey, and purchaſt Lands and Livings, that his ſuppoſed Son (for wealth) was deemed a fit match for a Knights Daughter: yet for all this his bringing up was but mean, and in a homely ſort; for after he had paſſed ten yeares of his Age he was ſet to keep Antonios Sheep, and to follow Husbandry, whereby he grew ſtrong and hardy, and continually gave himſelfe to painful Endeavours, imagining and deviſing haughty and great Enterprizes: yet notwithſtanding was of honeſt and vertuous conditions, well featured, valiant, active, quicke, and nimble, ſharp-witted, and of a ripe judgement, he was valiant, and of an invincible courage, ſo that from the cradle and infancy it ſeemed he was vowed to Mars, and martial Exploits. And in his life and manners is deciphered the image of true Nobility: for though he obſcurely lived in a Countrey Cottage, yet had he a ſuperiour minde, aiming at ſtate and majeſty, bearing in his breaſt the princely thoughts of his Father. For on a time keeping Cattel in the field among other young men of his age & condition, he was choſen (in ſport by them) for their Lord or Knight, and they to attend on him like dutifull Servants: and although this their election was but in play, yet he whoſe ſpirits were raviſhed with great and high matters, firſt procured them; to ſweare to him loyalty in all things, and to obey him as a King where, or when it ſhould pleaſe him in any matter to command them to which they all moſt willingly condeſcended. Thus after they had ſolemly taken their oaths, he perſwaded them to leave that baſe and ſervile kinde of life, ſeeking to ſerve in War, and to follow him, being their General, the which through perſwaſion they did, and ſo leaving their Cattell to their Fathers and Maſters, they aſſembled all together, to the full number of a hundred at the leaſt: unto whom he gave certain Red Roſes, to be worne for colours in their Hats, and commanded them ever after he ſhould be called the *Red-roſe Knight*. So in this manner departed he with his followers unto *Barnſdale Heath*, where they pitched up Tents, and lived a long time upon the robberies and ſpoyles of Paſſengers, inſomuch that the whole Countrey was moleſted by them.

This diſordered life ſo highly diſpleaſed the Parents of theſe unruly Outlawes, that many of them dyed with grief; but eſpeci-

illy of all other, old Antonio tooke it in ill part, considering how dearly he loved him and how tenderly he had brought him up from his infancie: therefore he purposed to practise a means to call him from that uncivill kind of life, if it might possible be brought to passe: so in his old dayes undertaking this taske, he travelled towards Barnesdale Heath, into which being no sooner entered, but some of the ruder sort of these Outlaws ceazed upon the old man, and without any further violence, brought him before their Lord and Captain: who at the first sight knew him to be his Father (as he thought) and therefore used him most kindly, giving him the best entertainment that he could devise: where, after they had some small time conferred together, the good old man brake out into these speeches.

Oh thou degenerate (quoth he) from natures kind! Is this thy duty to thy fathers age, thus disobediently to live, wounding thy natural Countrey with unlawfull spoyles? Is this the comfort of mine age? is this thy love unto thy Parents, whose tender care hath beene ever to advance thy estate? Canst thou behold these milke-white haires of mine all to rent and torne, which I have violently martyred in thy absence? Canst thou indure to see my dim eyes almost sightlesse through age, to drop downe teares at thy disobedient feet? Oh wherefore hast thou infringed the lawes of nature, thus cruelly to kill thy fathers heart with griefe, and to end his dayes by thy vicious life? Returne, return, deare child, banish from thy brest these base actions: that I may say, I have a virtuous Sonne: and be not like the viperous brood, that workes the untimely death of their Parents. And speaking these words: griefe so exceeded the bounds of Reason, that he stood silent, and beginning againe to speak, teares trickled from his eyes in such abundance, that they staves the passage of his speech: the which being perceived by the Red-rose Knight, he humbly fell upon his knees, and in this sort spake unto good Antonio.

Most deare and reverend Father, if my offence do seeme odious in your eyes, that I deserve no forgiveneſſe, then here behold now your poor inglorious Son laying his brest open, ready to receive deaths remorseleſſe stroke from your aged hands as a due punishment for this my disobedient crime: but to be reclaimed from this honorable kinde of life (I count it honorable, because it tasteth of manhood)

manhood) first shall the Sun bring day from out the Western heavens, and the silver Moone lodge her brightnesse in the Eastern waves, and all things else against both kind and nature turne their wonted course.

Well then (quoth Antonio) if thy resolution be such that neither my bitter teares, nor my faire intreaties may prevaile to withdraw thy vain folly, then know (thou most ungracious impe) that thou art no Son of mine, but sprung from the bowels of some untamed Tyger, or wild Lioneſſe, else wouldest thou humbly submit thy self to my reverent perswasions; from whence thou camest I know not, but sure thy breast harbours the tyranny of some monstrous tyrant: from whose loynes thou art naturally descended. Thou art no fruit of my body, for I found thee (in thy infancy) lying in the fields, cast out as a prey for ravening fowles, ready to be devoured by hunger-starved dogs: but such was my pitty towards thee, that I took thee up and ever since have fostered thee as mine own childe: but now such is thy unbridled folly, that my kinde courteſie is requited with extreme ingratitude, which sin above all others, the immortal powers of Heaven do condemne, and the very devils themselves do hate: therefore like a serpent, henceforth will I spit at thee, and never cease to make incessant prayers to the justful Heavens, to revenge this thy monstrous disobedience.

These words being ended, he gave such an extreme sigh, that his very heart brake with grief, and he immediately died in the presence of the Red-rose Knight. For whose death, he made more sorrowful lamentation, then Niobe did for her seven Sons. But in recompence of old Antonio's kinde love, that preserved his infancy from the fury of the ravenous fowles, he intombed him most stately in the City of Lincoln, whose body he sent thither by certain Passengers whom he had taken, & withal a thousand pounds in treasures, to be bestowed upon a great Bell to be rung at his Funeral, which Bel he caused to be called Tom a Lincoln, after his own name, where to this day it remaineth in the same City: these Passengers being as then rich Merchants of London, having received the dead body of old Antonio, and withal the treasure, went with all speed unto Lincoln, and performed every thing as the Red-rose Knight had appointed.

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The death of this good old man not onely caused a general sorrow through the whole City, but strook such an extream grief to old Antonio's wife, that she within few dayes yielded her life to the remorseless stroke of the frowning destinies, and was buried in the same grave where her husband was intombed: whose deaths we will now leave to be mourned by their dearest friends, and likewise for brevities sake passe over many stratagems which were accomplished by the Red-rose Knight and his followers upon Barnesdale heath, and return to King Arthur and his Knights, flourishing in the English Court.

CHAP. III.

Of the Conquest of *Portugal* by the *Red-rose Knight*, and how he was the first that ever triumphed in the City of *London*.

The report of Tom of Lincolns practices grew so general amongst the vulgar sort of people, that at last it came to King Arthurs eares, who imagined in his princely minde, that he was sprung of his blood, and that he carried lofty thoughts of honour planted in his brest, though shrowded under a Countrey life: therefore, through kinde nature, he purposed to have him resident in Court with him, that he might daily see his sparks of honour shew their resplendent brightnesse, yet in such obscurity, that he should not know the smallest motion of his Parentage; therefore he called together three of his approved Knights, namely Lancelot du Lake, Sir Tristram, and Sir Triamore, and gave them in charge, if it were possible, to fetch the Red-rose Knight unto his Court, of whose adventures exploits he hath heard so many times reported, and withal he gave them general pardon, sealed with his privy Seal, for him and all his lawlesse followers.

This commission being received by the three worthy Knights, they with all speed armed themselves in rich Corselets, and strong habiliments of War, and so rode towards Barnesdale heath: where being no sooner come, and delivered their Message from the King, but the Red-rose Knight gave them an honourable welcome, and for three dayes most royally feasted them under large Canvale Tents, wherein they slept as securely, as if they had been in King Arthurs Court, or in a strong Castle of War.

After

After this, Tom of Lincoln selected out an hundred of his resolute followers, such as he liked of, and came with Sir Lancelot, and the rest of the English Court, where King Arthur not onely gave him a friendly entertainment, but also installed him one of his Knights of the Round-table: and withal proclaimed a solemn Turnament, that should be holden in the honour of this new-made Knight: to which Turniament assembled from other countreys, many Princes, Barons, and Knights of high honour which behaved themselves most nobly, and won great commendations of every beholder: but specially the Red-rose Knight, who for that day stood as Champion against all commers, in that Turniament, or first dayes deed of his Knighthood, where only by his valour and prowesse he overthrew three Kings, and thirty other Knights, all famouzed for Chivalry, whereby he obtained such grace in the English Court, that he had by the King a paire of golden spurs put upon his feet, and generally of the whole assembly was accounted one of the bravest Knights that then lived in the World.

But now mark how frowning fortune ended their triumphs with unlucky news: for the same day before the Knights unbuckled their Armours, there arrived a Messenger, who certified King Arthur, how his Embassadour was unjustly put to death in the Portingale Court, (which was an act contrary both to the faith of Princes, and the Law of Armes:) For whose death King Arthur grew so inraged, that he swore by the honour of his bright Renowne, and by the golden spur of true Knighthood, the Portugales should repent that inhumane violence, with the death of many thousand guiltlesse souls; and that babes unborne should have cause to curse the first contriver of that unjust murder: therefore with all speed he mustred up a mighty Army of souldiers, and (because he was continually molested with home-bred Mutinies, and treacherous rebellions, the which himself in person of force must pacifie) appointed the Red-rose Knight as chief General over the Army mustred for Portingale. In which service he accomplished so many famous exploits, that he was for ever after stirnamed, The Boast of England. For no sooner had he the whole camp in charge, aboard their Ships, but he proved the perfect pattern of an exquisite Souldier: such a one as all martial Captainer may learn to imitate: for he so circumspectly ordered his Captains, that in his

Camp was neber any braivle of mutiny. He was very courteous and liberal, doing honour to all men accoꝛding to their deserts. He so painfully and with such care instructed his souldiers, that at an instant, always (if it were needful) every man by the sound of a Dꝛum oꝛ a Trumpet, was found in his charge oꝛ quarter. And (to be brief) his Camp resembled one of the greatest Cities in the woꝛld, foꝛ all kinde of officers were there found in oꝛder: and also a great number of Merchants to furnish it with all manner of necessaries. He in no case permitted any robberies, pꝛivate fighting, foꝛce, oꝛ violence: but with severity punished those that were therein found guilty. His desire was that his souldiers should glory in nothing so much, as in martial pꝛowesse, vertue and wisdom. He evermoꝛe gave them their pay without fraud oꝛ deceit. He honoured, he pꝛaised, he imbꝛaced and kissed them, and withal kept them in aw and subjection: by which means his fame and honour grew so renowned, that his Army daily increased moꝛe and moꝛe: Foꝛ when he first arrived upon the confines of Portingale, his Camp grew to be as great as ever was Cæsars, when he conquered the Western woꝛld, and in matchlesse pꝛowesse nothing inferiour unto his. So foꝛtunate were his pꝛoceedings, that he made a great part of the Pꝛovinces of Portugal desolate, not being interrupted by any, but spoiling every Town and City as he went, untill such time as the Portugal King had gathered together a marvelous number of Souldiers, both old, and of much experience, by reason of the continual Wars that they had with the Turkish Nation adjoyning near unto them. But when the Portugal King (like an expert souldier) seeing that he might no way resist the English Army, noꝛ expel them his countrey, unlesse he gave them pꝛesent Battel, therefoꝛe trusting in his approved manhood, and the pꝛowesse of his souldiers, he set his Army in a readinesse, and so marched foꝛward to meet the Red rose Knight, and his warlike followers, which at that time had pitched his Camp in a large champain plain, adjoyning neere unto the City of Lisborn, whereas both these Armies met: and setting them in oꝛder (as it became good Captains) there they began in the breake of the day, the most cruel and terriblest that ever was heard of, oꝛ fought in that age, considering the number of both parties, their experience and policy, with the valiant courage and pꝛowesse of their Captains.

In

In great danger continued this fight, till the Sun began to ſet, with marvellous ſlaughter on both ſides, yet remained the victory doubtful, declining neither to the Portugals, nor yet to the Engliſh, but at laſt though long, the Portugals began to faint and flie, more indeed oppreſt with the multitude then for any fear they received in the battel: for the moſt part of them with honour died manfully in the field, ſome taken priſoners, and the reſt fled for their better ſafety: but now the Portugal King perceiving his ſouldiers begin to flie, with courage he ſought to withdraw them from flight, reſiſted in perſon valiantly the furious rage of the enemy: but in that enterpriſe he gained ſuch, and ſo many knocks, that at laſt he was unhorſed, and for want of reſcue, was forced to yield himſelf as priſoner: whereat the whole army of the Portugals were diſcomfited, and the Victory fell to the Engliſh-men: the which being obtained, the Red-roſe Knight with his Army entred into the City of Lisborne, where the common ſouldiers were inriched with wealthy ſpoiles, and the Kings Palace ranſacked by the Red-roſe Knight: where he took ſuch Priſoners as him beſt liked, and the reſt (like an honourable ſouldier) he ſet at liberty, commanding that no violence ſhould be proffered any way.

After this, ſetting his Army in a readineſſe, he marched towards England, where after ſome few dayes travel, he arrived with all his Hoaſt in the Weſtern parts of Devonſhire, and marching towards London, where againſt his comming, the Citizens with the inhabitants of other Villages near adjoyning, were that day ſeen in their moſt ſumptuous and rich attire; every one of them endeavouring to place himſelf in ſome Gallery or Window, that the better and with more eaſe they might behold the triumphant return of the Red-roſe Knight. All the Churches in London were on every ſide ſet open, hanged round about with moſt coſtly furniture, the ſtreets were alſo moſt gloriouſly beſet with green boughs, and ſtrowed with perfumes of no ſmall value: and for the infinite multitude of people that were ſeen in the City, there were appointed a hundred Whifflers moſt richly attired to keep the Streets plain and open, whereby the triumphs might have the eaſier paſſage: & for that the diverſity of the ſhews were ſo many, that they of neceſſity were conſtrained to part them into three ſeveral dayes.

The

The first day hardly sufficed in good order to bring in the Banners, Standards, and Ensignes of the Conqueror, the golden images, and Tables of price, which were all brought in on Carts, very curiously painted and trimmed.

On the second day came in the Armour of the Conquered King, as also of all the other Portugal Lords: and as they were rich, bright, and glittering, so were they with most cunnig ordered and couched in Wagons. After these, entred three thousand men in order, bearing nothing but money openly to be seen, and that in huge platters and vessels of silver: of which were three hundred and fifty in number, and foure of our men allotted to every vessel: the other brought in most artificial Tapestry Works, beautified with Gold and Silver. And thus was the second dayes triumph ended, in most pompous solemnity.

Upon the third day, even at the rising of the Sun, with the first band, (entred as a joyful sound of Conquest) an infinite number of Flutes, Drums, and Trumpets, with other like martial and warlike instruments, sounding not after a most pleasant and sweet manner, but in most terrible sort, as it was possible to be done, even in such order as they do when they presently joyne battel. And after them came an hundred and twenty kine all white, having their hornes curiously guilded with gold, their bodies covered with vailes, (which they accounted most sacred & holy) bearing also garlands of flowers upon their heads, driven by certain young Gentlemen, no lesse well favoured then gorgeously attired. After these followed the Coach of the Conquered King of Portugal, with his own armour laid thereon openly to be seen of all men; his Crown and royal Scepter was laid in seemly order upon his Armour. After his Coach came all the multitude and train of prisoners on foot, with his own natural children, being little infants: and after them followed a great Troop of his servants and officers, as Masters of his household, Secretaries, Ushers, Controllers, Chamberlains, with other Gentlemen of Court, all in a most sorrowful manner, seeing themselves brought into such extremity and servitude, that they moved to compassion all such as beheld them. Of the Kings children, there were two boyes, and one girle, of age so young and tender, that they had small understanding of their misfortune and misery.

In

In this triumph followed the Father his own children (after the usage of his countrey) clad in black mourning garments, sorrowing likewise for his hard misfortune. Then followed sundry of his approved friends, which, beholding in that plight their unhappy Prince, burst out into tears and sighs so bitterly that their enemies themselves grieved at their mishaps.

After these, followed one which carried certain precious stones, that had been presented to the Red-rose Knight, from some ancient Cities in Portugal, who immediately followed in person triumphantly in his Ivory Chariot, apparalled in Vestures of Purple Tissue, having a Laurel bough in his hand, and a Crown of the same upon his head: after him followed his own souldiers, both Foot-men, and Horse-men, all marching in most decent order, armed with rich furniture, holding also each of them a Laurel bough in his hand, their Ensignes and Banners souldier-like being displayed, sounding martial melody in honour of their triumphant Captain: with many other like presidents most royal and magnificent.

Thus in this gallant order marched they unto the Kings Chappel, where in the presence of the King and his Lords, which came to honour and grace their triumphs, they gave thanks to God for their successeful victory: and after solemne Service was ended they departed to King Arthurs Court, where every one as well strangers as others, were most royally feasted.

The Portugal King seeing his kinde entertainment in the English Court, where he was used more like a friend, then an Enemy, had small care to return home, but frolicked many a day amongst the English Lords: whose loves unto Strangers be evermore most honourable. But so great were the courtesies that the noble King Arthur bestowed upon the Portugals, who for their proffered disgraces, requited them liberally with honour: and not onely sent them home ransomlesse, but promised to lend them aid and succour from England, if occasion required: so bearing them company to the sea-side, he most friendly committed them to the mercy of the windes and waves, which were so favourable, that in short time they arrived safe in their own Countrey, where many a day after they remembred the honorable kindnesse of the Englishmen, & caused the Chronicles of Portugal to record the renown of King Arthur, & his Knights of the Round Table. ℭ CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

How the *Red-rose Knight* travelled fro[m] King of *England's* Court, and how he arrived in the *Fairy-land*, where he was entertained by a maiden Queen, and what happened to him in the same Countrey.

NOw, after the Portingales were thus conquered, and sent home with great honour, the English King and his Lords, rested themselves many a day in the bowers of Peace, leaving their Armour rusting, and their pampered Steeds standing in their Stable, forgetting their usual manner of wrathful War: which idle ease greatly discontented the magnanimous Red-rose Knight, who thought it a stain to his passed glory, and a scandal to his Princely minde to entertain such base thoughts: and considering with himself how ignorant he was of his true Parents, and from whence he was descended, he could not imagine: therefore he purposed to begin a new enterprise, and to travel up and down the World, till he had either found his Father and Mother, or else yielded his life to natures course in that pretended Journey: so going to the King, full little thinking that he was sprung from so noble a stock, craving at his graces hand, to grant him such liberty, for to try his Knighthood in forreign Countreys, whereas yet did never English-man make his adventure; and so eternize his name to all posterity, rather then to spend his life in such home-bred practices.

To this his honorable request, the King (though loth to forgo his Company, yet because it belonged to knightly attempts) he gave him leave, and withall, furnished him a Ship at his own proper cost and charge, giving free licence to all Knights whatsoever, to bear him company; amongst which number, Sir Lancelot du Lake was the chiefest that proffered himselfe to that Voyage, who professed such love to the Red-rose Knight, that they plighted their Faiths like sworne Brothers, and to live and die together in all extremities.

So these two English Knights, with the number of a hundred more, all resolute Gentlemen took leave of the King, and with all speed went on ship-board: wherein being no sooner entered, but the

the Pilot hoised Saile, and disanchored, and so committed their lives and fortunes to the pleasure of Neptunes mercy, upon whose watry Kingdom they had not many dayes sailed, but Æolus brasen Gates burst open, and the Windes so violently troubled the swelling Waves, that every minute they were in danger to end their lives in the bottom of the Seas.

Three Moneths the Winde and the Waters strove together for supremacy, during which time, they saw no Land, but were driven up and downe, to what place the ever changed Destinies listed, so at last they sailed beyond the Sun, directed onely by the light of the Starres, not knowing which way to travell towards Land; but in such extremity for want of Victuall, that they were forced to land at a certain Iland in the Westerne parts of the World inhabited onely by Women: where being no sooner on Land, and giving God Almighty thankes for delivering them from that mortal Perill which they had now past, but the Red-rose Knight cast up his eyes towards the higher parts of the Countrey, and espied more then two thousand Women comming forth of a City gate, all most richly armed with Breast-plates of Silver, marching in trim Aray, like an Army of well approved Souldiers, the which number comingnear to the sea side, they sent two of their Damsels, as Messengers to the English Knights, willing them as they loved their Lives, presently to retire again backe to the Seas, for that was no Countrey for their abode. But when the courageous and valiant Red-rose Knight of England had understood and heard the bold Message of the two Damsels, he was abashed, considering the number of armed Women he saw before him, and the great Dangers they had suffered before on the Sea for want of Victuals and other necessaries, that he knew not in what maner he was best to answer them, but having a good courage, and would not be daunted by a Woman, he at last returned them this Answer, and spake to the two Damsels in this sort.

Right Noble Ladies, I have well understood your speeches: therefore I desire you for to shew such favor unto wandering Travellers, as to tell us in what Countrey Fortune hath brought us to: and for what cause we are commanded by you to return to the Sea.

Surely, Sir Knight, (answered one of the Damsels) this Countrey

whereon you are arrived, it is not very bigge, but yet moſt fertile and commodious: and is called by the name of the *Fayrie-land*: And now to ſhew you the cauſe why you are commanded to returne, this it is. Not many years ago, there reigned in this Countrey a King which had to name *Larmos*, for wiſdom and proweſſe not his equal was found in any of theſe parts of the world. This King had ſuch continual war againſt the bordering Iſlanders, that upon a time he was conſtrained to muſter for the ſame warre all the men both young an old which were found in his Kingdom, whereby the whole Country was left deſtitute of men, to the great diſcontentment of the Ladies and Damſels that here inhabited: whereupon they finding themeſelves together, with the Daughter of King *Larmos*, which is called *Celia*, no leſſe in Beauty, then in Vertue and Wiſdom: Theſe Ladies and Damſels being gathered together, with a general conſent, diſpatched certain Meſſengers to the King, and to their Husbands, willing them to return unto their Countrey, and not to leave their wives and children in ſuch extremity, without the comfort and company of man. Upon which the King anſwered, that he had beſieged his enemies in their Townes of War; and before one man ſhould return home till he came with Conqueſt, his Countrey ſhould be loſt and made deſolate, and the women given over to the ſpoile of his enemies: Which anſwer, when the Ladies had received, they tooke it in evill part, that they conſpired againſt their King, and Husbands, and put to death all the men-children that were in the Country; and after determined, when their Husbands, Fathers, and Friends returned from the War, that they ſhould the firſt night of their coming, be ſlain ſleeping in their beds, and that never after they ſhould ſuffer man to enter into their countrey. After this concluſion, they crowned *Celia* the Kings daughter for their Queen: and ſo afterward, when the King and his Army returned from the Wars, this bloody murder was practiſed and not a man left alive, but onely the King reſerved, whom *Celia* would in no wiſe againſt nature murther: but yet notwithſtanding ſhe delivered him into the hands of her chieſeſt Ladies, which put him into a boat alone, and ſo ſent him to ſea to ſeek his fortune; Therefore moſt noble Knight, this is the cauſe why you may not enter into our countrey: which if you do, and not preſently withdraw your ſelves unto the ſea, the Ladies will ſuddenly give you a marvellous battel.

Now

Now by the ever-living God which Engliſh men adore, (ſaid the Noble Red-roſe Knight) ſuch extremity have we ſuffered at ſea, that we are like to periſh and die with hunger, unleſſe we finde ſome ſuccour at your hands, and before we will end our lives with famine, we will enter Battel with thoſe Ladies, and ſo die with honour in the field: yet this kindneſſe do we humbly deſire at your hands, to return unto your Queen, and certifie her of our poore eſtate and neceſſity, and that we altogether inſtantly deſire her, that if there be any ſpark of Vertue, or Nobility harboured in her breſt, that ſhe will have pitty upon us, and ſuffer us not to end our lives by ſuch an unhappy kinde of death.

With this requeſt the two Damſels returned to the Queen, and recounted from word to word the humble ſuit of the Red-roſe Knight, and what extremity they were in: which when the Quéen underſtood that they were Knights of England, the fame of that Countrey ſhe had ſo often heard reported, ſhe demanded what manner of people they were, and of what condition? Surely, Madam, anſwered one of the two Damſels, I never in all my life ſaw more goodly men, nor better ſpoken, and it is to be ſuppoſed, they be the choiſe of all humane people, and with courteous demeanours are able to draw the mercileſſe and ſavage Nation to affect them.

The Quéen hearing the Damſel ſo highly to commend the Engliſh Knights, thinking alſo upon their requeſt, began (in mind) to have pity upon their miſadventures, and ſo inſtantly ſent for them and gave them free liberty to make their abode in her countrey: which incontinently when the Engliſh Knights heard, how they ſhould receive a kinde Welcome, and a friendly Entertainment, grew ſo exceeding joyful, as though heaven had ſent them preſent comfort: ſo coming before the Quéen and her Ladies, they ſaluted each other moſt courteouſly, and with great reverence: but when the vertuous Quéen beheld this noble Company before her, in all humility, ſhe delivered to a hundred of her Ladies, the hundred Engliſh Knights, and reſerved the Princely Red-roſe Knight unto her ſelf: and ſo were they brought to the Quéens Palace, where every Lady feaſted her Knight in moſt gallant ſort, and to their hearts content. But now when the Quéen had the Red-roſe Knight in her Chamber, and had beheld the exceeding beauty of the noble Prince, ſhe took him by the hand and led him

into one of her chambers, where she shewed him her riches and treasure, and unto him in this manner.

Most noble and valiant *Englishman*, these riches be all onely at thy commandment, and also my body, which here I offer up as a gift and present to thy divine excellency: and furthermore, there is nothing of value, which I am Mistris of, but shall be at thy disposing, to the intent that my love may be acceptable to thy gracious eyes. But when the Red-rose Knight perceived to what intent she spake these words, in this manner answered her, saying.

Most dear Princesse, and faire Queen of this Maiden countrey, I give you right humble thanks for these your courtesies, and by no means possible may I deserve this high honour you have graced me with.

Oh great Knight (replied then the Queen) the smallest thought of your honourable minde, is sufficient to recompence the uttermost of my deserts: yet let me request this one thing at your noble hands, that never asked the like favour of any one before, for she that never knew the least motion of love, is now pricked with a hundred torments: and unlesse you quench the ardent affection wherewith my heart is fired, with pleasant hopes of some comfortable smiles, I am like to die desperate, and then the world will accuse you of cruelty, in murdering a constant Lady: but if it shall please you to grant me love, and to espouse me according to *Himens* holy Rites, here shall you rule sole King, and be the Lord of all this Countrey.

My right dear Lady, (answered then the Red-rose Knight) you have done such pleasure to me, and to my distressed followers, in preserving us from famine, as I shall never requite it though I should spend all the rest of my life in your Service. And know (most excellent Princesse) that there is no adventure so dangerous, yet at your commandment would I practise to accomplish: yet for to tie my self in Wedlocks bonds, there is no woman in the world shall procure me: for until I have finished an Adventure which in my heart I have vowed, I will not link my affection to any Lady in the world. But think not (Madam) that I refuse your love through disdain: for I swear by the dignity King *Arthur* grac'd me with, I should think my self most fortunate, if I had so faire and noble a Lady, as your divine selfe.

Most worthy Knight, (then answered the Queen) I imagine that the

the Gods have sent you into this Country for two causes principally: The first is, that you and your followers should be preserved from death by my means: The second is that you should inhabit in this Countrey, left it should in short time be left as a desert Wilderness; for it is inhabited onely by Women, without a King, and have no other Governour but me, which am their chief Princesse: And for so much as I have succoured you, so succour you this desolate City, that it may be repeopled with your seed: and in so doing, you shall accomplish a vertuous deed, and win to your names an eternal memory to all ensuing ages.

I confesse (quoth the Red-rose Knight) that you and your Ladies have succoured me and my followers in our great necessity: and in recompense whereof, we will imploy all our endeavours to the repeopling again of this Countrey: But in regard of the secret vow my heart hath made, I will not yield my self to your desires, for if I should infringe my oath mine honour were greatly impaired: And before I would commit that dishonourable fact, I would suffer the greatest torment that mans heart can imagine.

Incontinently, when the love-sick Queen heard this answer of the English Knight, and perceived that he was firme in his purpose, she took leave of him, and departed for that time: the Red-rose Knight likewise withdrew himself into his Chamber, pondring in his mind a thousand imaginations. But she for her part was so troubled in minde, and so wounded with the darts of blinde Cupid, that when the misty darknesse of night had covered the earth, she laid her down upon her bed, where betwixt shame & her heart, began a terrible battel. Her heart was encouraged, that she should go and lie with him: but shame began to blush, and withstood that perswasion: by which meanes the battel was great, and endured a long time, but at last the heart was conquerour; and shame vanquished and put to flight, in such sort that the fair Queen arose from her bed, and went and laid her down by her beloved Knight, where he slept: and being in the bed, she began fearfully to tremble, for shame still followed her unlawful practices: where after her quivering heart began a little to be qualified, with her trembling hand she awaked him, and after spake in this manner.

My most dear and affectionate Friend: though like a careless wretch I come unto thee apparalled with shame, yet let my true love

colour

colour this my infamous presumption: for your Princely Person, and Kingly demeanours, like Adamants have drawn my steeled heart to commit this shameful act; yet let not my fervent affection be requited with disdain: and although you will not consent to be my wedded Lord and Husband, yet let me be thy love and secret friend; that a poor distressed Queen may think her self happy in an Englishmans love.

When the noble Knight heard the faire Cælias voice, and felt her by his side all naked, he was soze abashed, that he wist not what to do: but yet at last having the nature and courage of a man he turned to her, using many amozous speeches, embzacing and killing each other in such manner, that fair Cælia was conceived with childe, ane wared great of a right fair son, of whom she was in pzocesse of time safely delivered, as you shall heare discoursed of at large in the following Hisstozy.

But to be shozt, during the space of foure moneths, the Faiery Ladies lay with the English Knights, and many of them were conceived with their seed in such sozt, that the Countrey was afterward repeopled with male-children, and what happened amongst them in the mean season I will passe over foz this time: foz the dayes and nights that he and the rest passe on their course: in which time their Ship was replenished with all necessaries, and the Redrose Knight summoned together Sir Lancelot, and the rest, and being assembled, he said unto them,

My good friends and countrey-men, you know, that long time we have sojourned in this Countrey, spending our dayes in idle Pastimes, to the reproach of our former glories: now my intent is, within these three dayes to depart this Countrey, therefore let every man make himself in readinesse: for there is not greater dishonour to adventurous Knights, then to spend their dayes in Ladies bosoms.

When Sir Lancelot and the other English Gentlemen heard the fozward disposition of the Red-rose Knight, they were all exceeding joyful, and answered him, that with great willingnesse they would all be ready at the time appointed.

But now when the Faiery Ladies perceived the pzeparations that the English Knights made foz their departure, they grew exceeding sozrowful, and complained one to another in a most grievous manner: but amongst the rest, the Quéen was most displeased,

pleaſed, who with a ſorrowful and ſad heart came unto the Red-roſe Knight, and in this manner complained to him,

Alas, alas, my dear Lord, have you that tyrannous heart, to withdraw your ſelf from me, and to forſake me before you ſee the fruit of your noble perſon, which is nouriſhed with my blood. Dear Knight, behold with pitty my Womb, the Chamber and Manſion of your blood: Oh let that be a means to ſtay you, that my childe as yet unborn be not fatherleſſe by your departure. And in ſpeaking theſe words, ſhe began to weep and ſigh bitterly, and after to whiſper ſecretly to her ſelf in this order,

O ye immortal heavens! how may mine eyes behold the departure of my joy? for being gone, all comfort in the world will forſake me, and all conſolation flie from me; and contrariwiſe all ſorrow will purſue me, and all misfortune come againſt me. O what a ſorrow it will be to my ſoul, to ſee thee floating on the dangerous Seas, where every minute perils do ariſe ready to whelme thee in the bottomleſſe Ocean! and being once exempted thy ſight, my heart for evermore will lie in the bed of tribulation, under the coverture of mortal diſtreſſe, and between the ſheets of eternal bewailings: yet if there be no remedy, but that thou wilt needs depart, ſwear unto me, that if ever thou do'ſt accompliſh thy pretended Voyage, what it is I know not, that thou wilt return againe to this Countrey, to tell me of thy happy Fortunes, and that mine eyes may once more behold thy lovely countenance, which is as delectable to my ſoul, as the Ioyes of Paradiſe.

When the noble Engliſh Knight underſtood that the Queen condeſcended to his departure, upon condition of his returne, to which he ſolemnly proteſted, if the gods gave him life and good fortune, to perform her requeſt: whereby the Faiery Queen was ſomewhat recomforted: and having great hope of the returne of her dear love, ſhe ceaſed her lamentations. And now to abridge the Story, the time came that the valiant Engliſhmen ſhould go on ſhip-board: upon which day the Red-roſe Knight and his followers took leave of the Noble Queen and her Ladies, thanking them for their kinde entertainments, and ſo went to the Port of the ſea, where they entred their ſhips, and ſo departed from the Faiery Land: after this, when Cælia had borne her Babe in her womb full fourty weeks ſhe was delivered of a fair ſon, who

came afterward to be called the Faiery Knight; which for this time we will not touch, but referre it to the second part of this History.

CHAP. V.

What happened to the English Knights after their departure from the Faiery Land.

WIth a prosperous Winde sailed these English Knights, many a League from the Faiery Land, to their great content and hearts desire, where every thing seemed to prognosticate their happy adventures: so upon a day when the Sun shone clear, and a gentle calme Winde caused the Seas to lie as smoth as Chrystal Ice, whereby their Ship lay floating upon the waves, not able to remove: For whilest the Dolphins danced upon the silver streams, and the red gild fishes leaped about the ship, the Red-rose Knight requested Sir Lancelot, to drive away the time with some courtly discourse, whereby they might not think their Voyage over-long. Unto which the good Sir Lancelot most willingly agreed: and although he was a martial Knight, delighting to hear the relentlesse sound of angry drums, which thunder threats from a Massacre, yet could he like an Orator, as well discourse a lovers History: therefore requesting the Red-rose Knight, and the other English Gentlemen to sit down and listen to the Tale that followeth.

The pleasant History which Sir *Lancelot du Lake* told to the *Red-rose Knight*, being on ship-board.

AT that time of the year, when the Birds had nipt away the tawny leaves, and Flora with her pleasant Flowers, had inriched the earth, and inclothed Trees, Herbs and Flowers, with Natures Tapestry, when the golden Sun with his glistering Beams did glad mens hearts, and every Leaf as it were, did bear the form of love, by nature painted upon it: This blessed time did cause the Grecian Emperour to proclaim a solemn Tourniament to be holden in his Court, which as then was replenished with many worthy and valiant Knights: but his desire chiefly was, to be-

hold

hold his Princely Son Valentine, to try his Valour in the Tournament.

Many were the Ladies that repaired thither, to behold the worthy Triumphs of this young Prince: amongst which number, came the beautiful Dulcippa, a Maiden which as then waited upon the Empresse, being daughter to a Countrey Gentleman. This Dulcippa, like Apollos Flower, being the fairest Virgin in that Company, had so firmely settled her love upon the Emperours Son, that it was impossible to expel it from her heart. Likewise, his affection was no lesse in fervency then hers: so that there was a iust equality in their loves & liking, though a difference in their Births and callings.

This Princely Valentine, (for so was the Emperours Son called) entred the lists in costly Armour, most richly wrought with Orient Pearls, his Chest incompassed with Saphire Stones, and in his hand a sturdy Launce. Thus mounted upon a milk-white Steed, he vaunted for himself to try his war-like force: and in prauncing up and down, he many times (though his Bever) stole a view of his faire Dulcippas face: at which time, there kindled in his Breast two sundry Lamps, the one was to win the honour of the day; the other to obtain the love of his Mistris. On the other side, Dulcippa did nothing but report the valiant Acts of his Prowesse and Chivalty, in such sort, that there was no other talk amongst the Ladies, but of Valentines honourable attempts.

No sooner was the Tourniaments ended, and this love begun, but Dulcippa departed to her lodging, where sighs did serve as Bellows to kindle loves fire. Valentine in like manner being wounded to death, still roameth up and down to finde a salve for his stanchlesse thirst: so seeks Dulcippa to restore her former liberty: for she being both beloved, and in love, knew not the means to comfort her self. Sometimes she did exclaim against her wandring eyes, and wished they had bēn blinde when first they gazed upon the beauty of Princely Valentine: sometimes in Visions she beheld his Face chearful, smiling upon her countenance; and presently again, she thought she saw his martial hands bathed all in purple blood, scorning her love and former courtesies. With that she started from her dreaming passion, wringing her tender hands, till floods of silver-dropping tears trickled down her face;

her golden haires that had wont to be bound up in threads of gold, hung dangling down about her Ivory neck; the which in most outragious sort she rent and tore, till that her haire which before looked like the burnished gold was died now in Purple and Vermilion blood. In this strange passion remained this distressed Lady, till the golden Sun had three times lodged him in the Western Seas, and the silver Moon her shining Face in the Palace of the chrystal Clouds. At this time a heavy slumber possessed all her senses; for she, whose eyes before in three dayes, and as many nights, had not shut up their closets, was not locked up in silent sleep, lest her heart overburthened with grief, by some untimely manner should destroy it selfe.

But now returne we to the worthy Valentine, who sought not to pine in passion, but to court it with the best, considering with himself that a faint Heart never gained fair Lady: therefore he purposed boldly to discover his love unto the fair Dulcippa, building upon a fortunate successe, considering that she was but daughter to a Gentleman, and he a Prince borne; soattiring himself in costly silks, wearing in his hat an Indian Pearl cut out of Ruby red. On either side a golden arrow thrust through a bleeding heart, to declare his earnest affection. In this manner went he to his beloved Lady, whom he found in Company of other Ladies weighting upon the Empresse: who taking her by the hand, he lead her aside into a Gallery near adjopning: where he began in this manner to expresse the Passion of his love.

Sacred *Dulcippa*, (quoth he) in beauty brighter then glistering *Cinthia*, when with her means she beautifies the vales of heaven, Thou art that *Cinthia*, that with thy brightnesse doest light my cloudy thoughts, which have many dayes been overcast with stormy showers of love: shine with thy beams of mercy on my minde, and let thy light conduct me from the dark and obscure Labyrinth of love. If tears could speak then should my tongue keep silence: Therefore let my sighs be messengers of true love. And though in words I am not able to deliver the true meaning of my desires: yet let my cause beg pitty at your hands, otherwise your denial drowns my soul in a bottomlesse sea of sorrow: one of these two (most beautious Lady) do I desire: to give life with a cheerful smile or death with a fatal frown.

Valen-

Valentine having no ſooner ended his loves Oration, but ſhe with a ſcarlet countenance, returned him this joyful anſwer.

Moſt noble Prince, thy words within my heart have knit a Gordian knot, which no earthly Wight may unty: for it is knit with faithful love, and tears diſtilling from a conſtant minde. My heart which never yet was ſubject to any one, do I freely yield up into thy boſome, where it for evermore ſhall reſt, till the fatal Siſters cut our lives aſunder.

And in ſpeaking theſe words they kiſſed each other as the firſt earneſt of their loves. With that the Empreſſe came thorow the gallery, who eſpying their ſecret conference, preſently nurſed in her ſecret hate, which ſhe intended to practiſe againſt the guiltleſſe Lady, thinking it a ſcandal to her ſons Birth to match in Marriage with one of ſo baſe a Parentage: therefore purpoſing to croſſe their loves with diſmal Stratagems and direry tragedies, ſhe departed in her chamber, where ſhe cloaked up her treacheries in ſilence, and pondered in her heart how ſhe might end their loves, & finiſh Dulcippas life. In this tragical imagination remained ſhe all that night hammering in her head a thouſand ſeveral practices. But no ſooner was the dewy earth comforted with the hot beams of Apollos Fire, but this thirſting Empreſſe aroſe from her dreadful Bed, penning her ſelf cloſely within her chamber, like one that made no conſcience to kill: ſhe in all haſte ſent for a Doctor of Phyſick, not to give Phyſick to reſtore health, but poyſon for untimely Death; who being no ſooner come into her preſence, but preſently ſhe locked the Chamber-doore and with an angry countenance ſtaring him in the face, ſhe breathed this horrour into his harmleſſe eares.

Doctour, thou knoweſt how oft in ſecret matters I have uſed thy help, wherein as yet I never ſaw thy faith falſified: but now amongſt the reſt I am to require thy aid in an earneſt buſineſſe, ſo ſecret, that if thou doſt but tell it to the whiſpering windes, it is ſufficient to ſpread it through the whole world: whereby my practices may be diſcovered, and I be made a noted reproach to all hearers.

Madam, (quoth the Doctour, whoſe heart harboured no thought of bloody deeds) what needs all theſe circumſtances where duty doth command my true obedience? deſiſt not therefore, gentle Empreſſe, to make me privy to your thoughts: for little did he think her

minde could harbour ſo vile a thought: but having conjured moſt ſtrongly ſecrecy, ſhe ſpake to him as followeth.

Doctor the love (nay, rather raging luſt) which I have ſpied of late betwixt my unnatural ſon, and proud *Dulcippa* may in ſhort time (as thou knoweſt) being a ſudden alteration of our ſtate, conſidering that he being born a Prince, and deſcended from a royal race, ſhould match in marrige with a baſe and ignoble Maiden, daughter but to ſo mean a Gentleman: therefore if I ſhould ſuffer this ſecret love to go forward, and ſeek not to prevent it, the Emperour might condemne me of falſhood, and judge me an agent in this unlawful love: which to avoid, I have a practice in my head and in thy hand it lies to procure thy Princes happineſſe, and Countreys good. *Dulcippa's* father (as thou knoweſt) dwells about three miles from my Palace, unto whoſe houſe I will this day ſend *Dulcippa*, about ſuch buſineſſe as I think beſt, where thou ſhalt be appointed, and none but thou to conduct her thither: where is a thick and buſhy grove, which ſtandeth directly in the mid-way, thou ſhalt give her the cup of death, and ſo my heart from ſuſpicious thoughts.

This bloody practice being pronounced by the Empreſſe, cauſed ſuch a terrour in the Doctors minde, that he trembled forth this ſorrowful complaint.

Oh you immortal powers of heaven, you guiders of my hapleſſe fortunes, why have you thus ordained me to be the bloody murderer of a chaſte and vertuous Lady, and the true pattern of ſobriety; whoſe untimely overthrow if I ſhould but once conſpire, *Diana's* Nimphs would turn their wonted Natures and ſtain their hands with my accurſed blood: therefore, moſt glorious Empreſſe, ceaſe your determination, for my heart will not ſuffer my hand to commit ſo foul a villany.

And will thou not do it then (replied the Empreſſe, with a mind fraught with rage and blood:) I do proteſt (quoth ſhe) by heavens brigt Majeſty, except thou doſt conſent to accompliſh my intent, thy head ſhall warrant this my ſecreſie. Stand not on tearmes, my reſolute attempt is clean impatient of objections.

The Doctour hearing this reſolution, and that nothing but Dulcippas death might ſatisfie her wrath, he conſented to her requeſt, and purpoſed cunningly to diſſemble with the bloody Queen, who believed that he would perform what ſhe ſo much deſired; ſo departing

parting out of her chamber, she went to the guiltlesse Lady, sending her on this fatal Message; who like to hapelesse Bellerophon was ready to carry an Emballage of her own death. But in the mean time the Doctour harboured in his breast a world of bitter woes, to think how vilely this vertuous Lady was betrayed; and considering in his minde, how that he was forced by constraint to perform this Tragedy; therefore he purposed not to give her a Cup of Poyson, but a sleeping Drink, to cast her into a Trance, which she should as a Cup of Death receive; as well to try her vertuous constancy, as to rid himself from so hainous a crime.

But now return we to Dulcippa, who being sped of her message, went with the Doctour walking on the way, where all the talk which they had was of the liberal praise of Prince Valentine, who remained in Court, little mistrusting what had happened to his beloved Lady: and she likewise ignorant of the hurt that was pretended against her life: but being both alone together in the Wood, where nothing was heard but chirping Birds, which with their voices seemed to mourn at the Ladies misfortune. But now the Doctour breaking off their former talke, took occasion to speak as followeth.

Man of all other creatures (most vertuous Lady) is most miserable, for nature hath ordained to every Bird a pleasant tune to bemoane their mishaps, the Nightingale doth complain her Rape and lost Virginity within the desert Groves, the Swan doth likewise sing a doleful heavy tune a while before she dies, as if heaven had inspired her with some fore-knowledge of things to come. You Madam, now must sing your Swan-like Song; for the pretty Birds I see do droop their hanging heads, and mourn to think that you must die. Marvel not Madam, the angry Queen will have it so. Accurst am I being constrained to be the bloody instrument of so tyrannous a Fact. Accurst am I that have ordained that Cup, which must by Poyson stanch the thirst of the bloody Empresse: and most accursed am I, that cannot withstand the angry Fates, which have appointed me to offer violence unto vertue.

And in speaking these words, he delivered the Cup into the Ladies hands: who like a Lamb that was lead to the slaughter, used silence for her excuse. Many times lifted she up her eyes toward the sacred throne of heaven, as though the gods had sent vengeance

ance upon her guiltleſſe ſoul, and at laſt breathed forth theſe ſorrowful lamentations.

Never (quoth ſhe) ſhall vertue ſtoop to vice. Never ſhall Death affright my ſoul, nor never Poyſon quench that laſting love, which my true heart doth bear to Princely *Valentine*, whoſe ſpirits I hope ſhall meet me in the joyful fields of *Elyzium*, to call thoſe Ghoſts that died for faithful love to bear me witneſſe, of my faith and loyalty: and ſo taking the Cup, ſhe ſaid, Come, come, thou moſt bleſſed Cup, wherein is contained that happy drink which gives reſt to troubled mindes. And thou moſt bleſſed Wood, bear witneſſe that I mix this baneful drink with teares diſtilling from my bleeding heart. Theſe lips of mine which had wont to kiſſe Prince *Valentine*, ſhal now moſt willingly kiſſe this ground that muſt receive my Corps. The authour of my death I'le bleſſe, for ſhe honours me in that I die for my ſweet *Valentines* ſake. And now, Doctour, to thee (being the inſtrument of this my death) I do bequeath all earthly happineſſe; and herewithal, I drink to *Valentines* good fortune.

So drinking of the ſleeping Potion, ſhe was preſently caſt into a Trance; which ſhe poor Lady ſuppoſed Death. The Doctour greatly admiring at her vertuous minde, erected her Body againſt an aged Oake, where he left her ſleeping, and with all ſpeed returned to the hateful Quéen, and told her that he had performed her Majeſties command: who gave him many thanks, and promiſed to requite his ſecreſie with a large recompence.

But now ſpeak we again of Prince Valentine, who had intelligence, how the onely comfort of his heart had ended her life by poyſons violence: for which cauſe he leaves the Court; and converted his rich Attire into ruthful Robes; his coſtly coloured garments, to a homely ruſſet coat; and ſo travelling to the ſolitary Woods, he vowed to ſpend the reſt of his dayes in a ſhepherds life; his royal Scepter was turned into a ſimple ſhéphook, and all his pleaſure was to keep his ſheep from the teeth of the ravenous Wolves.

Three times had glittering Phœbe renued her horned wings, and decked the Elements with her ſmiling countenance: three moneth were paſt, three moons had likewiſe run their wonted compaſſe, before the Grecian Emperour miſt his Princely Son: whoſe want was no ſoner bruited through the Court, but he echoed forth this horrour to himſelf:

What

What curſed Planet thus indirectly rules my hapleſſe courſe? or what uncouth driery Fate hath bereaved me of my Princely Son? *Love*, ſend down thy burning Thunder-bolts, and ſtrike them dead that be procurers of his want: but if (ſweet *Venus*) he be dead for love, hover his Ghoſt before mine eyes that he may diſcover the cauſe of his afflictions. But contrariwiſe, if his life be finiſhed by the fury of ſome murtherous minde, then let my exclamations pierce to the juſtful Majeſty of heaven, that never Sun may ſhine upon his hated head, which is the cauſe of my *Valentines* decay: or, that the angry Furies may lend me their burning whips, inceſſantly to ſcourge their purple ſouls, till my ſons wrongs be ſufficiently revenged.

Thus, or in ſuch a like frantick humour ran he up and down his Palace, till reaſon pacified his outragious thoughts, and by perſwaſion of his Lords he was brought into his quiet Bed. Meane ſpace, Diana the Queen of chaſtity with a train of beautiful Nymphs, by chance came thorough the Wood where Dulcippa was left in a trance; in which place rouſing the Thickets in purſuit of a wilde Hart, the Queen of chaſtity eſpied the harmeleſſe Lady ſtanding againſt a Tree, and her ſweet breath to paſſe thorow her cloſed lips: at whoſe preſence, the Queen a while ſtood wondring at; but at laſt with her ſacred hand ſhe awaked her, and withal asked the cauſe of her Trance, and by what means ſhe came thither: Which poor awaked Lady being amazed both at her ſudden Majeſty, and the ſtrangeneſſe of her paſſed fortune and diſtreſſe, with far fetcht ſighs ſhe related what happened to her in thoſe deſert Woods. The heavenly Goddeſſe being moved with pitty, with a moſt ſmiling voice cheared her up, and with a Lily taken from the ground, ſhe wiped the teares from off Dulcippas tender cheeks, which like a river trickled from her Chryſtal eyes. This being done, Diana with an Angels voice ſpoke unto her as followeth:

Sweet Virgin, (for ſo it ſeemeth thou art) far better would it befit thy happy eſtate (happy I terme it) having paſt ſo many dangers, to ſpend the remnant of thy life amongſt my train of Nymphs, whereas ſpringeth nothing but chaſtity and purity of life. *Dulcippa*, though in her love both firme and conſtant, yet did ſhe condeſcend to dwell with *Dianas* Nymphs; where now inſtead of parley with courtly Gallants, ſhe ſingeth ſongs, Carols and roundelayes; inſtead of

Pen and Inke, wherewith she was wont to write Love-letters, she exerciseth her Bowe and Arrows to kill the swift fat Dear; and her downy Beds are pleasant Groves, where pretty Lambs do grase.

But now return we again to the raging Emperour, who sifted out the matter in such sort, that he found the Empresse guilty of her Sons want, and the Doctour to be the instrument of Dulcippas Death: who being desperate like one that utterly detested the cruelty of the Empresse, would not alledge that he had but set the Lady in a Trance, but openly confessed that he had poysoned her, and for that Fact was willing to offer up his life to satisfie the Law, therefore the angry Emperour sweares, that nothing shall satisfie his Sons revengement but death; and thereupon streightly commanded the Empresse to be put in prison, and the Doctour likewise to be locked in a strong Tower; but yet because she was his lawful Wife and a Princesse born, he something sought to mitigate the Law, that if any one within a twelvemoneth and a day would come offer himself to combate in her cause against himself, which would be the Appealant Champion, she should have life, if not to be burnt to ashes, in sacrifice of his Sons death: all which was performed as the Emperour had commanded.

But now all this while the poor Prince lives alone within the Woods, making his complaints to the flocks of sheep, and washing their Wool with his distressed tears. His bed whereon his body rested was turned into a Sun-burnt Bank; his chair of State, covered with grasse; his Musick, the whistling Windes; the Rhetorick, pittiful complaints and Moanes, wherewith he bewailed his distressed fortunes, and the bitter crosses of his unhappy love.

The solitary place where in this Prince remained, was not far distant from the Grove where Dulcippa led her sacred life: who by chance in the morning at the Suns uprising, attired in green Vestments, bearing in her Hand a Bowe bended, & a quiver of Arrows hanging at her Back, with her Hair tied up in a Willow-Wreath, lest the Bushes should catch hold of her golden Tresses to beautifie their Branches: in this manner coming to hunt a savage Hart, she was surprized by a bloody Satyre, bent to Rape, who with a bloody mind pursued her: and coming to the same place

where

where Valentine fed his mourning Lambs, he overtook her, whereat he gave such a terrible shrieke in the Wood, that she stirred up the Shepherds Princely minde to rescue her: but now when the bloody Satyre beheld a Face of Majesty shrowded in a Shepherds Cloathing, immediately he scudded through the Woods more swift then ever the fearful Dear did run.

But now gentle Reader, here stay to read a while, and think upon the happy meeting of these Lovers: for surely the imagination thereof will lead a golden Wit into the Labyrinth of heavenly ioyes: but being breathlesse in avoiding passed dangers, they could not speak a word, but with stedfast eyes, stood gazing each other in the face: but coming again to their former senses, Valentine brake silence with this wavering Speech.

What heavenly Wight art thou (quoth he) which with thy beauty hast inspired me?

I am no Goddesse, (replied she again) but a Virgin vowed to keep *Diana* company, *Dulcippa* is my name, a Lady sometime in the *Grecian* Court, whilest happy Fortune smiled; but being crost in love, here do I vow to spend the remnant of my dayes.

And with that, he catching the word out of her mouth, said,

O ye immortal gods! and is my *Dulcippa* yet alive? I, I, alive I see she is; I see that sweet celestial beauty in her face, which hath banished deep sorrow from my heart. And with that kissing her, he said, See, see, Fairest of all Faires that Nature ever made, I am thy *Valentine*, that unhappy Love, the Prince of *Greece*, the Emperours true Sonne, who for thy lovely sake am thus disguised, and for thy love have left the gallant Court, for this sweet and homely countrey life.

With that, she took him about his manly Neck, and breathed many a bitter sigh into his bosome; and after with weeping Tears discoursed all her passed Dangers, as well the cruelty of the Empresse as of the hertnous Deed of the good Doctor. And having both accounted their passed Fortunes, they consented (disguised as they were) to travel to the Grecian Court to see if the Destinies had transformed the State of the Emperour or his Regiment; for now no longer outcries, nor heavy Stratagems, or sorrowful thoughts sought to pursue them, but smiling fortune, gracious delights, and happy blessings. Now fortune never meant to turn her

Wheel again, to crosse them with calamities, but intended with her hand to poure into their hearts oyle of lasting peace. Thus whilest Apolloes beams did parch the tender twigs, these two Lovers sate still under the branches of a shady Beech, recounted still their joyes and pleasures: and sitting both thus upon a grassy Banck, there came by them an aged old man, bearing in his withered hand a Staffe to stay his benumbed Body; whose Face when Prince Valentine beheld, with a gentle voice he spake unto him in this sort.

Father, God save you: How happeneth that you wearied with age, do travel through the desert Groves, befitting such as can withstand the checks of fortunes fickleneſſe? Come, fair old man, sit down by us: whose windes of late were mingled with grief, and crost with worldly cares.

This good old Hermite hearing the courteous Request of the Prince, sate down by them; and in sitting down, he fumbled forth this Speech.

I come (young man) from yonder City, where the Emperour holds a heavy Court, and makes exceeding sorrow for the want of his eldest Sonne, and for a Lady which is likewise absent: the Empresse being found guilty of their wants, is kept close prisoner, and is condemned to be burnt unlesse within a twelvemoneth and a day, she can get a Champion that will enter battel in her cause: and with her, a Doctour also is adjudged to suffer death. Great is the sorrow that is there made for this noble Prince, and none but commends his vertue: and withal the deserved praises of the absent Lady.

Father, (replied then the Prince) thou hast told us tidings full of bitter truth, able to enforce an iron heart to lament: for cruell is the doome, and most unnaturall the Emperour, to deale so hardly with his Queen.

Nay, (quoth the old man) if she be guilty, I cannot pitty her, that will cause the ruine of so good a Prince: for higher powers must give example unto their subjects.

By Lady, Father, (quoth the Princely Shepherd) you can well guess of matters touching Kings, and be a witnesse of this accident, we will presently go unto the Court, and see what shall be decided unto this distressed Queene.

This being said, they left the aged man, and so travelled towards the Grecian Court, and by the way, the Lovers did consult, that Prince Valentine attired like a Shepherd, should offer himselfe to combate in his Mothers Cause, and so to expresse the kinde love and nature which was lodged in his Princely Breast: but being no sooner arrived in the Court, and seeing his Father to take the combat upon himselfe, presently he knéeled downe, and like an obedient Son, discovered himselfe, and withall Dulcippas strange fortunes: whereupon the Empresse and the Doctor were presently delivered, and did both most willingly consent to joyne these two Lovers in the bands of Marriage, where after they spent their dayes in peace and happinesse.

This pleasant Discourse being ended, which Sir Lancelot had told to the exceeding pleasure of the greatest company, but especially of the Red-rose Knight, who gave many kinde thanks. At this time the windes began to rise and blow cheerfully, by which they sailed on their journey successively from one coast to another, till at the last they arrived upon the coasts of Prester Johns Land, which was in an evening when the day began to lose her chrystall Mantle, and to give place to the Sable garments of glomy night: where they cast Anchor unséene of any of that Countreys Inhabitants.

CHAP. VI.

What happened to the *Red-rose Knight*, and his company in the Court of *Prester John*; and how the *Red rose Knight* slew a Dragon with three tongues, that kept a Golden tree in the same Countrey; with other attempts that happened.

The next morning by the breake of day the Red-rose Knight rose from his Cabin, and went upon the Hatches of the Ship, casting his eyes round about, to see if he could espy some Towne or City where they might take harbour: and in looking about espyed a Great spacious City in the middle whereof stood a most Sumptuous Palace having many high Towers standing in the aire like the Grecian Pyramides, the which he supposed to be the Palace of some great Potentate: therefore calling Sir Lancelot (with two other Knights) unto him, he requested them to go up into the City,

and to enquire of the Countrey and who was the Gobernour thereof, the which thing they promised to do: so arming themselves (as it was convenient, being strangers in that Countrey) they went up into the City; where they were presently presented unto Prester John, who (being alwayes liberal and courteous unto Strangers) gave them a royall entertainment leading them up into his Palace: and having intelligence that they were English-men, and adventurous travellers he sent four of his Knights for the rest of their company, desiring them in the Knights behalfe to returne to the Court, where they should have a friendly welcome, and a Knightly entertainment.

Thus when the Red-rose Knight had understood the will of Prester John by his foure Knights, the nert evening with his whole company he repayred to the City, which was right noble and fair, and although it was night, yet were the Streets as light as though it had bene mid-day, by the cleare resplendent brightnesse of Torches, Cressets, and other Lights which the Citizens ordained to the Entertaining of the English Knights. The Streets through which they passed to go to the Kings Palace, were filled with People, as Burgo-masters, Knights, and Gentlemen, with Ladies and beautifull Damsels, which in comely order stood beholding their coming. But when the Red-rose Knight was entered the Palace, he found the renowned Prester John sitting upon his princely Throne underpropt with Pillars of Jasper stone: who after he had given them an honourable welcome, he took the Red-rose Knight by the hand and led him up into a large and sumptuous Hall, the richest that ever he had seene in all his life: But in going up certaine stayres he looked in at a window, and espied faire Anglitora the Kings daughter, sporting amongst other Ladies; which was the fairest Maid that ever mortall eye beheld, and I thinke that Nature her selfe could not frame her like: but being entred the Hall, they found the Tables covered with costly fare ready for supper: when as the English Knights were set at the Kings Table, in company of Prester John and Anglitora, with other Ladies attending (having good stomacks) they fed luskly; but Anglitora, which was placed right over against the Red-rose Knight, fed onely upon his beauty and Princely behaviour, not being able to withdraw her eyes from his divine excellency; but the re-

renowned Prester John for his part spent away the supper-time with many pleasant conferences touching the Countrey of England, and King Arthurs Princely Court: the report of which fame had so often sounded in his eares. But amongst all other devices, he told the English Knights of a Tree of gold, which now grew in his Realme, and yearely brought forth golden fruit, but he could not enjoy the benefit thereof, by reason of a cruel Dragon that continually kept it: for the Conquest of which golden Tree, he had many times solemnly proclaimed through that part of the World, that if any Knight durst attempt to conquer it, and by good fortune bring the adventure to an end, he should have in Reward his Daughter the faire Anglitora in Marriage: to which many Knights resorted, as well of forraign Countreys as his own Nation: but none proved so fortunate to accomplish the wished Conquest, but lost their lives in the same Adventure: therefore I fully believe, that if all the Knights in the World were assembled together, yet were they all insufficient to overcome that terrible Dragon.

With that the Red-rose Knight with a bold courage stood up, and protested by the love he bore unto his Countries King, he would performe the Enterprise, or lose his life in the Attempt: so in this Resolution he remained all supper-time, which being ended, the English Knights were brought into divers Chambers: but amongst the rest, the Red-rose Knight and Sir Lancelot were lodged neare to the fair Anglitora, for there was nothing betwixt their Chambers but a little Gallery, into which being come, and no sooner laid in their Beds, but the Red-rose Knight began to conferre with Sir Lancelot in this manner.

What thinke you (quoth he) of the Enterprise, I have taken in hand? Is it not a deed of honour and renown?

Surely (replied Sir Lancelot) in my judgement it is an Enterprise of Death: for every man in this Countrey adjudgeth you overcome and destroyed, if you once approach but the sight of the Dragon; therefore be advised and go not to this perillous Adventure, for you can obtain nothing thereby but hazard and death: and doubtlesse they are accounted wise that can shun the misadventures, and keep themselves from danger.

But then (quoth the Red-rose Knight) shall I falsifie my promise;

and

and the promiſe of a noble minde ought ſtill to be kept: therefore, ere I will infringe my Vow I have made, I will be devoured by the terrible Dragon. And in ſpeaking theſe words they fell aſleep.

During which time of their Conference, faire Anglitora ſtood at their Chamber-doore, and heard all that had paſſed betwixt them, and was ſo ſurpriſed with the love of this Gentle Red-roſe Knight, that by no meanes ſhe could refrain her affections, and returning to her Chamber, caſting her ſelfe upon her Bed, thinking to have ſlept, but could not, ſhe began to ſay ſecretly to her ſelf this ſorrowfull Lamentation.

Alas mine Eyes, what torment is this you have put my heart unto? for I am not the woman that I was wont to be, for my heart is fired with a flame of amorous deſires, and ſo ſubject to the love of the gallant Engliſh Knight the beauty of the world and the glory of Chriſtendom. But fond fole that I am! wherefore do I deſire the thing which may not be gotten? for I greatly feare that he is already betrothed to a Lady of his own Countrey, and furthermore his minde is garniſhed with Princely cogitations, that I may not enjoy his Love: and he thinketh no more of me, then on her that he never ſaw. But grant that he did ſet his affection upon me, yet were it to ſmall purpoſe, for he reſolved to adventure his life in the Conqueſt of the golden tree, where he will ſoone be devoured by the terrible Dragon. Ah! what a griefe and ſorrow will it be to my heart, when I ſhall heare of his untimely death? for he is the choice of all Nature, the Prince of Nobility, and the flower of worſhip; for I have heard him ſay, that he had rather die honourably in accompliſhing his Vow, then to returne with reproach into England. Which happy Countrey if theſe eyes of mine might but once behold, then were my ſoule poſſeſſed with terreſtrial joyes. *Anglitora* with theſe words fell aſleep, and ſo paſſed the night away till the day came: who no ſooner with his bright beames againſt the Palace-walls, but the *Red-roſe Knight* aroſe from his bed, and armed himſelfe in great courage, ready for the adventure: where after he had taken leave of the King, and all the reſt of his *Engliſh* friends, he departed forth of the City towards the Golden tree, which ſtood in a low valley, ſome two miles from the Kings Palace.

This morning was faire and cleare, and not a cloud was ſeene, the elements and the Sun caſt their reſplendent beames upon the earth

at which time the Ladies and Damſels mounted upon the higheſt Towers in the Palace and the common people came up to the battlements and walls of Churches to behold the adventure of this valiant Knight, who as then went moſt ſoyfully on his journey, till he came to the vale of the Golden tree, wherein being no ſooner entred, but he beheld a moſt cruell and terrible Dragon come ſpringing out of his hollow Cave. This Dragon was farre more bigger then a horſe in length full thirty foot, the which incontinently as ſone as he was out of his Cave, began to raiſe his neck, ſet up his eares, and to ſtretch himſelfe, opened his throat and caſting forth thereat moſt monſtrous burning flames of fire: Then the Red-roſe Knight drew out his good Sword, and went towards him, whereat the Monſter opened his terrible throate, whereout ſprang three tongues, caſting forth flaming fire in ſuch ſort, that it had almoſt burnt him. The firſt blow that the Knight ſtrucke, hit the Dragon betwixt the two eyes ſo furiouſly that he ſtaggered: but being recovered and feeling himſelfe moſt grievouſly hurt he diſcharged from his throate ſuch abundance of thick fuming ſmoak, that it blinded the Knight in ſuch ſort, that he ſaw nothing, but yet notwithſtanding he lifted up his ſword, and diſcharged it upon the Dragon, where he imagined his head was, and ſtruck ſo furious a blow, that he cut off his three tongues cloſe by their roots: by which the Dragon endured ſuch marvellous pain, that he turned his body ſo ſuddenly round, that his taile ſmote the valiant Knight a blow upon his backe, whereby he fell down upon the Sands: being thus overthrown, he was in mind moſt marvellouſly aſhamed; but after a while, having recovered himſelf, he ran to the Dragon againe, and with his good ſword ſmote ſuch a terrible blow upon his taile, that it cut it off in the middle: the which piece was ſeven foot in length. The Dragon through the great pain that he felt, came and encountred the Knight in ſuch a faſhion, that he beat him down to the ground, and after ſtood over him as though he had beene dead: but the Knight took his Sword, and underneath him thruſt it up to the Hilt, ſo farre that it pierced his heart; which when the Dragon felt as ſmitten to Death, began to run away with the Sword ſticking in his belly, thinking to have hidden himſelf in his Cave, but his life departed before he could get thither.

Incontinently, when the *Red-roſe Knight* had reſted himſelfe, and ſaw that the Dragon was dead, he recomforted himſelfe, and went

and drew out his sword from his belly, which was all to be stained with his black blood, and after took the Dragons three tongues, and stucke them upon his sword: and likewise pulled a branch from the Golden Tree, which he bore in his hand: and so in triumph went towards the City, and being come within the sight thereof, he lifted up the Golden branch into the ayre as high as he could, that it might glister in the Sun for the people to behold, (which stood upon high Turrets, expecting his coming) who perceiving it with great admiration began to wonder. Some there were that gathered green Herbes, and Flowers, and strowed the way whereas the Knight should passe to go to the Kings Palace, saying, that all Honour ought to be given to so noble and glorious a Conquerour.

Faire Anglitora amongst all other, was most joyful, when she beheld the glistering brightnesse of the Golden branch, and commanded her Waiting-maids to put on their richest attires, to solemnize the honour of that excellent Victory.

And to conclude, he was met at the City gate with the melody of Drums and Trumpets, and so conducted to the Kings Palace, where he was right honourably entertained of Prester John and his Nobles; surely there is no man so eloquent, that can discourse by writing the great joy that Anglitora took at his returne, and generally the whole Inhabitants had thereat exceeding pleasure.

But now when the valiant Red-rose Knight had entered the Hall, and had set the Golden branch upon the Ivory Cupboard richly furnished with costly Plate, the English Knights and many other Ladies began to daunce most joyfully, and to spend the time in delicious sports till supper was ready, and then the King and the Red-rose Knight was set, and with them the noble and faire Anglitora, Lancelot du Lake and other English Knights: where (all supper while) there was no other conference holden, but of the valiant encounters of the Red-rose Knight: who for his part did nothing but make secret love signes to faire Anglitora.

What shall I make long circumstances? The Supper passed; and the houre came that the generall company withdrew them into their Chambers, the Red-rose Knight was conducted to his Lodging by many noble men and others, which brought the Golden branch after him, and so bequeathed him for that night to his silent rest.

reſt. But preſently after the Noblemans Departure, Anglitora entered into his Chamber, bearing in her hand a Silver Baſon full of warme perfumed Waters, the which ſhe had provided to waſh the Dragons Blood from his Body: which when the Red-roſe Knight perceived, and thinking upon the kinde love that ſhe proffered him, put off his Cloathes, and made himſelf ready to waſh. Fair Anglitora being attired in a white Frocke without ſléeves, turned up her Smock above her Elbowes, and ſo with her own Hands waſhed the Body of the Red-roſe Knight.

But now when this gentle Batchelour beheld her lovely Body, her faire and round Breaſts, the whiteneſſe of her Fleſh, and that he felt her hands marvellous ſoft, he was ſo much inflamed with the ardent Deſire of love, that in beholding her Beauty, he began to embrace her, and kiſſed her many times moſt courteouſly: and ſo after, when he had bén well waſhed, Anglitora cauſed him to lie in his Bed, beholding his well formed Limbes, of colour faire and quick, and could not turne her Eyes from his ſight. Thus as they were beholding each other without ſpeaking any word, at laſt the noble Knight ſpake to her in this manner.

Moſt dear Lady, you know that by this Conqueſt I have deſerved to be your Husband, and you, through kinde love, to be my Wife; whereby I may ſay, that you are mine, and I am yours, and of our two Bodies there is but one: therefore I require you to ſeale up the firſt Quittance of our Loves, which Requeſt is, that we two for this Night might ſleep together: and ſo accompliſh the great pleaſure that I have ſo long wiſhed for.

Ah, moſt noble Knight (anſwered the faire Lady) what in me lieth (that may bring you the leaſt motion of content) ſhall with all willingneſſe be performed; but yet I conjure you by the promiſe of true Knighthood that you will ſave mine honour, leſt I be made a ſcandal to my Fathers glory.

There is no man in the world, quoth he, that ſhall preſerve thine honour more than I. What if you ſleep this night with me in bed, do you any more than your duty, in that I am your Husband, and beſt beloved Friend.

My deare Love, (replied ſhe againe) there is no pleaſure which I will deny you; but for this night, you ſhall have patience; for I will never yield up the pride of my Virginity, till my Father hath given

me in Marriage: and therefore I desire you, that to morrow you will request that favour at his hands: which being granted and performed, then accomplish your content.

When the Red-rose Knight had understood his Ladies minde, he like an honourable Gentleman, was content to obey her request. What shall I say more? but that the Knight drew on to the wonted time of sleep, which caused these two Lovers for the time to break off company. Here slept the Red-rose Knight till the next morning; which at the break of Day, was presented with a consort of Musick, which the King brought himself into his Chamber. Their melody so highly contentented his minde, that he threw them a gold Chain, which was wrapped about his waist: a gift plainly expressing the Bounty that beautified his Princely brest. The Musicians being departed, he arose from his rich Bed, and went unto the King, whom he found as then walking in a pleasant Garden: of whom he required his Daughter Anglitora in marriage, in recompence of his adventure. The which request so displeased the King, that all his former courtesies were changed into sudden sorrow, and would by no means consent that Anglitora should be his betrothed Spouse, and answered: that first, he would lose his Kingdom, before she shall be the Wife of a wandering Knight.

The Noble Red rose Knight, when he understood the unkinde Answer of Prester John (all abashed) went unto Sir Lancelot, and his other friends, and certified them of all things that had happened: who councelled them that the next morning they should depart.

After this conclusion, they went to the King, and thanked him for the high honour he had graced them with; and after that, went and visited their Ship, where for that day they passed their time in pleasure: and so when the scouling Night approached, the Red-rose Knight went to the fair Anglitora, and certified her of the unkinde Answer of her cruel Father: whereat she grew sorrowful, and grieved in minde: but at last better considering with her self, she yielded her fortune fully at his pleasure, promising that for his love she would forsake both Country, Parents, and Friends, and follow him to what place soever he pleased to conduct her. And it is to be supposed, that this Night the fair Anglitora took all the richest Jewels which she had, and trussed them

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in a Fardle, and ſo when it was a little before day, ſhe came unto the Red-roſe Knight, and awaked him: who preſently made him ready; and ſo departed ſecretly from his Chamber, till they came to their ſhips: where they found all the reſt of the Engliſh Knights ready to depart: ſo when they were all aboard, they hoiſed ſaile, and departed from the Port. To whoſe happy journey we will now leave them for a time, and ſpeak of the diſcontents of Preſter John, who all that night was exceeding ſorowful for the unkinde anſwer which he had given to the Red-roſe Knight, and ſo melancholy and ſorowful, that he could neither ſleep nor take any reſt: but at the laſt he concluded with himſelf, that he would accompany and go and convey the Engliſh Knights at their farewel, and departing, unto their Ships; to the end that being in other Countrys, they might applaud his courteſies uſed to Strangers.

So in the morning he aroſe, and went to the Chamber where the Red-roſe Knight was lodged, whom he found departed, contrary to his expectation. After that, he went into his daughters chamber, where he found nothing but relentleſſe walls, which in vain he might ſpeak unto; whoſe abſence drove him into ſuch a deſperate minde, that he ſuddenly ran to the Sea Coaſts, where he found many of his Citizens, that ſhewed him the Ships wherein the Engliſh Knights were, which were at that time from the Port or Haven more then half a mile. Then the King weeping tenderly, demanded of them, if they had ſeen his daughter Anglitora: to whom the people anſwered, that they had ſeen her upon the ſhip Hatches in company of the Red-roſe Knight. At which the King bitterly lamented, beating his Breaſt, and tearing his milk white Hair from his head, uſing ſuch violence againſt himſelf, that it greatly grieved the beholders.

At that time there were many of his Lords preſent, who by gentle perſwaſions withdrew him from the ſea Coaſts to his Palace, where he many Dayes after lamented the diſobedient Flight of his Daughter.

CHAP. VII.

How *Celia* the Queen of the *Faiery-land* was found dead, floating upon the Waves of the Sea: with other things that happened to the *Engliſh* Knights.

MAny dayes the windes blew cheerfully in ſuch ſort, that the Engliſh Ships were within kenning of the Faiery-land, at which Sir Lancelot took an occaſion to ſpeak unto the Red-roſe Knight, and put him in remembrance how he had promiſed Cælia to return into her Countrey; unto which requeſt he anſwered, and ſaid unto him, That he would keep his promiſe, if the Deſtinies afford him life: and thereupon he commanded the Maſter-Pilot to make thitherward: but the Wind not being willing, raiſed ſuch a tempeſt on the raging ſea, that the ſhip was caſt a contrary way, and the Mariners by no means poſſible could approach the Faiery-land. At which time the Noble Queen Cælia ſtood by the Sea-ſide upon an high Rock, beholding the Engliſh Ships as they paſſed by, as her accuſtomed and uſual manner was, every day ſtanding, expecting her dear Loves returne, many times making this bitter Lamentation to her ſelf.

Ah gentle *Neptune*, thou god of Seas and Windes, where is my deſired love? Bring him again unto me, that day and night do weep for his company. Thus ſhe complained at the ſame inſtant when her Lovers ſhip ſailed by, for ſurely ſhe did know it by the Banners & Enſignes which were diſplayed in the wind: but when the poor Lady perceived the ſhip to turn from her, ſhe was ſore abaſhed and mightily diſmayed. Inſtead of joy, ſhe was forced to weep teares: and inſtead of ſinging, was conſtrained to make ſorrowful complaints. In this manner ſhe above there all that enſuing night, and cauſed fires, and great Lights to be made on the ſhore, thinking thereby to call the Red-roſe Knight unto her.

This order kept ſhe every day & night for the ſpace of ſix weeks, wailing the want of him, whom ſhe loved more dear then her own heart: but when the ſix weeks were paſt, and the Faiery Queen perceived that ſhe ſhould have no tidings of her Love, ſhe went from the Rock (all in deſpaire) into her Chamber; where being en-

entred, ſhe cauſed her Son to be brought unto her, whom ſhe kiſſed many times, for the love ſhe bore unto his Father: and after beholding the little Infant, croſſing her armes, with a ſigh coming from the bottom of her heart, ſhe ſaid, Alas my dear ſon, alas, thou can'ſt not ſpeak to demand tidings of thy Father, which is the braveſt Knight, the moſt vertuous, and the moſt valiant in Armes that God ever formed. O where is nature (ſweet Babe) that ſhould enjoyn thee to weep, and my ſelf more then thee, for the loſſe of ſo brave a Prince; whoſe face I never more ſhall ſee. O cruel and unkind fortune, my heart hath concluded that I go and caſt my ſelf headlong into the Sea, to the intent that if the noble Knight be there buried, I may lie in the ſame Sepulchre and Tomb with him: where contrariwiſe if he be not dead, that the ſame ſea that brought him hither alive to me, may carry me dead to him. And to conclude, before I commit this deſperate Murder upon my ſelf, with my blood I will write a Letter, which ſhall be ſewed to my Veſtments or Attire, to this purpoſe and intent, that if ever my body be preſented to the *Red-roſe Knight*, that then this bloody Letter may bear witneſſe that I conſtantly harboured in my Breſt true love towards him, to the laſt houre of my death.

Many Ladies, and Damſels were in her company whileſt thus ſhe lamented her Knights abſence; who hearing of her deſperate intended death, made exceeding ſorrow. Some there were that ſo mightily grieved, that they could not ſpeak one word: other ſome there were that thought to perſwade her from that deſperate intent; but all in vain: for ſhe preſently went from them, and with her own blood writ a Letter, and wrapped it in a Sear-cloth, and then ſewed it to the Veſtures wherein ſhe was cloathed: then taking her Crown, ſhe bound it from her head with a golden chain which the Red-roſe Knight before time had given her. Then when ſhe had done all this, ſhe came to her little ſon, and many times kiſſed him, and ſo delivered him to the Ladies and damſels to be nouriſhed; and ſo after taking leave of them all, ſhe departed towards the Sea, whither being come, ſhe went to the top of the high Rock, where ſhe began to look down upon the Sea, and after caſting her ſelf upon the earth, looking up towards heaven, ſhe ſaid,

Thou God of my fortunes, Lord of the winds and ſeas, thou

that.

that broughteſt into this Countrey the right perfect Knight, in beauty, manhood, and all vertues, grant that when my ſoul hath made paſſage out of this World, my Body may be intombed in his Boſome.

Which words being ſaid, ſhe turned her eyes towards her Palace, and ſpake with a loud voice: Adieu my dear Babe, adieu ye gliſtering Towers, my Royal Palace, adieu Ladies and Damſels, and laſtly, adieu to all the World. And in ſaying ſo, ſhe caſt her ſelf into the Sea, and there deſperately drowned her ſelf.

But yet ſuch was her fortune, that the Waves of the ſea bore her dead body the ſame day to the Engliſh Knights Ship, which as then lay in road where they caſt anchor for to reſt that night; and to be ſhort, it ſo happened at the ſame houre when her dead body was caſt againſt the Ship, the Red-roſe Knight went up the hatches to take the freſh aire: where (looking about) he eſpied the dead Lady richly attired in cloth of gold, that gorgeouſly ſhone in the water, the which he preſently cauſed to be taken up, and brought into the Ship: where looking wiſhly upon her, he knew her perfectly well: and after ſtooping to kiſſe her pale lips, he found a bloody Letter which ſhe had compiled, wrapt in Sear cloth; ſo taking it and reading the contents thereof, his blood began to change, and to waxe red like the Roſe, and preſently again as pale as aſhes: whereat Sir Lancelot and the other Knights were greatly abaſhed, but eſpecially Anglitora, who demanded the cauſe of his griefe; whereunto the Red-roſe Knight was not able to anſwer a word, the ſorrow of his heart ſo exceeded: yet notwithſtanding he delivered the bloody Letter to Anglitora, the contents thereof are theſe that follow:

The bloody Letter of Queen *Celia*,

THou bright Star of Europe, *thou choſen of* England, *for proweſſe and beauty, when wilt thou return to fulfil thy promiſe made unto her, that many a day hath had her eyes planted upon the ſeas after thee, ſhedding more tears in thy abſence then the heaven contains Stars? Ah my dear Love, makeſt thou no reckoning nor account of thy promiſe that thou madeſt to me at thy Departure? Knoweſt thou not that every noble minde is bound to keep his word, upon pain of reproach and ſhame: but thou haſt infringed it, and haſt broken thy Oath of Knighthood, which*

no excuſe can recover: for ſince I laſt ſaw thy Ship floating upon the ſeas, I never came within my Palace, till the writing hereof, nor ever lay in my bed to take my reſt, nor never ſate in judgement on my countreys cauſes; but for the ſpace of fourty dayes I ſtood upon a Rock, expecting thy return, till famine conſtrained me to depart: there have I ſtood day and night, in rain, and in ſnow, in the cold of the morning, and in the heat of the Sun, in faſting, in prayers, in deſires, in hope; and finally, languiſhing in deſpair and death: Where when I could heare no news of thy return, I deſperately caſt my ſelf into the ſea, deſiring the gods that they would bring me a alive or dead to thy preſence, to expreſſe the true affection that I have ever born to thy noble perſon: Thus fare thou well. From her that lived and died with unſpotted minde.

Thine own true Lover, till we meet in the *Elyzian* Fields; thy unhappy *Celia* Queen of the *Fairy-land.*

THus when fair Anglitora had read thoſe bloody lines, ſhe greatly lamented her unhappy death: and withal requeſted the Red-roſe Knight, in that ſhe died for his ſake, to bear her body into England, and there moſt honourably to intombe it: to which he moſt willingly conſented. So cauſed her body to be inbalmed, they hoiſed ſaile, and departed towards England; into which countrey, they within four moneths ſafely arrived. At whoſe coming the inhabitants and dwellers greatly reſoyced, but chiefly the Red-roſe Knight and his company, who at their firſt arrival knéeled down upon the earth, and gave God thanks for preſerving them from ſo many dangers and perils, to their high renowne, and triumphant victories.

After this they intombed the body of Cælia moſt honourably as beſitted a Princeſſe of her calling. This being done, they departed toward Pendragon Caſtle, ſtanding in Wales, where as then King Arthur kept his royal Court: where being arrived, they found the King, and many other Nobles in a readineſſe to give them a Princely welcome: among whom was fair Angellica the Nun of Lincolne mother to the Red-roſe Knight; yet kept in ſo ſecret a manner, that neither he, nor ſhe had any ſuſpition thereof, but ſpake one to another as méer ſtrangers: The diſcovery of whom

is discussed at large in the second part of this History: as likewise the strange fortune of Cælias little Son: which the Ladies in the Faiery-land called by the name of the Faiery Knight; and by what means he came to be called the Worlds Triumph: with many other strange accidents, &c. But now to conclude this first Part: the Red-rose Knight, and the faire Anglitora were solemnly married together, and lived long time in King Arthurs Court in great joy, tranquillity and peace.

THE

THE SECOND PART Of the Famous HISTORY OF *TOM OF LINCOLNE* THE RED-RORE KNIGHT.

Wherein is declared his unfortunate Death, his Ladies Disloyalty, his Childrens Honours; and lastly, his Death most strangely Revenged.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CHAP. I.

How *Tom of Lincolne* knew not his Mother till fourty years of his age, nor whose Son he was: of King *Arthurs* death, and his speeches, and what happened thereupon.

WHen Arthur that renowned King of England (being one of the nine Worthies of the World) had by twelve several set battels, conquered the third part of the earth, and being wearied with the exploits of Martial adventures, in his old dayes betook himself to a quiet course of life, turning his warlike habiliaments to divine Books of celestial Meditations; that as the one had made him famous in this world, so might the other make him blessed in the world to come. Seven yeares continued quiet thoughts in his breast; seven yeares never heard he the sound of delightful Drums; nor in seven yeares beheld he his three wor-

worthy Knights of the Round Table, flourishing in his Court: by which means his Palace grew disfurnished of those Martial Troops that drew commendations from all forreigne Kingdoms. In this time most of those renowned Champions had yielded their lives to the conquering tyranny of pale death, and in the bowels of the earth lay sleeping their eternal sleeps, the royal King himself laden with the honour of many yeares; and having now (according to nature) the burthen of death lying heavy upon his shoulders, and the stroak lifted up to divide his body from his soul, he called before him all the chiefest of his Court: but especially his own Quéen, the Red-rose Knight, and his Lady Angliora, with the faire Angellica, the Nun of Lincolne, whom he had so many yeares secretly loved: and being at the point to bid a woful farewel to the world, with countenance as Majesticall as King Priamus of Troy, he spake as followeth.

First, to thee my beloved Quéen, must I utter the secrets of my very soule, and what wanton escapes I have made from my nuptial Bed, otherwise cannot this my labouring life depart from my fading body in quiet: Long have I lived in the delightful sin of adultery, and polluted our Marriage Bed with that vile pleasure: pardon me I beseech thee, and with that forgivenesse (which I hope will proceed from thy gentle heart) wash away this long-bred evil, the Celestial powers have granted me remission. Then turning to Angellica the Nun of Lincoln, he said,

Oh thou my youths delight! thou whose love hath bereaved my Quéen of such Marriage pleasure: thou, and but onely thou, have I offended withal: therefore divine Angellica, forgive me: I like a ravisher spotted thy Virginity, I cropt thy sweet body of chastity: I with flattery won thy heart, and led thee from thy Fathers house (that good Earle of London) to feed my wanton desires: by thee had I a Son, of whom both thou and I take glory of: for in his worthinesse remaines the true image of a Martialist; and this renowned Knight of the Red-rose is he: He lives, the fruit of our wanton pleasures, born at Lincoln, and there by a shepherd brought up; few knowing (till now) his true parents. Marvel not, dear Son: think not amisse, sweet Quéen: nor thou my lovely Angellica: Be not dismayed ye honourable States, here attending my dying houre: for as I hope presently to enter into

to Elizium Paradise, and weare the crown of desertful glory, I have revealed the long secrets of my heart, and truely brought to light those things that the darkneſſe of oblivion had covered. Now the Mother knows her Son, the Son the Mother. Now may this valiant Knight boast of his pedigree, and a quiet content satisfie all your doubts. Thus have I spoke my minde, and thus quieted, my soul bids the world farewel. Adieu, fair Queen; adieu, dear Son; farewel, lovely Angellica. Lords and Ladies, adieu unto you all; ye have seen my life, so now behold my death; as Kings do live, so Kings must die. These were the last of King Arthurs words: and being dead, his death not half so amazed the standers by, as the strange Speeches of his lifes farewel.

The Queen in a raging jealousie fretting at her Marriage wrongs, protested in her heart to be revenged upon the Nunne of Lincolne.

The Nun of Lincoln seeing her wantonneſſe discovered, took more grief thereat then joy in the finding of her long lost son; supposing now, that the King being gone, she should be made a scandal to the world.

The Red-rose Knight knowing himself to be begot in wantonneſſe, and borne a Bastard, took small joy in the knowledge of his Mother.

Anglitora (Tom a Lincolnes Wife) exceeded all the rest in sorrow, bitterly sobbing to her self, and in heart making great lamentation, in that she had forsaken Father, Mother, Friends, Acquaintance, and Country, all for the love of a Bastard, bred in the womb of a shameleſſe Strumpet: therefore she purposed to give him the slip; and with her own son (a young gallant Knight, named the Black Knight, in courage like his Father) to travel towards the Kingdom of Prester John, where she first breathed life, and her Father reigned.

In this melancholy humour spent they many dayes, troubling their braines with divers imaginations. The Court, which before rung with delights, and flourished in gallant sort, now thundered with complaints; every one disliking his own estate: Discontent as a proud Commander governed over them, and their attendants were idle fancies, and disquiet thoughts: and to speak truth, such a confused Court was seldom seen in the Land; for no

soner was King Arthurs Funeral solemnized, but the whole traine of Lords, Knights and Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, were like to a splitted ship tane by the tempest of the sea) severed, every one departed whither his fancy best pleased.

The Red-rose Knight conducted his mother Angellica to a Cloyster in Lincolne, which place she had so often polluted with her shame, there to spend the remnant of her life in repentance; and with her true lamentations, to wash away her black spots of sin, that so grievously stained her soul: who from a pure virgin made her self a desolate strumpet.

Likewise King Arthurs widowed Queen, like to trestul Hecuba, or the jealous Juno, kept her Chamber for many dayes, pondering in her minde what revenge she might take upon Angellica her husbands late favourite.

On the other side Anglitora Lady and Wife to the Red-rose Knight, with her Son the Black Knight, made provision for their departure towards the Land of Prester John, where she was borne so upon a night when neither moon nor starlight appeared, they secretly departed the Court, onely attended on by a Neger or Black-more; a slave fitting to provide them necessaries, and to carry their Apparel and Jewels after them, whereof they had abundant store: The Black Knight her son, (so called rather by fierce courage, then his black complexion) was all fired with the ardent desire that he had to see his Grand-ster Prester John: therefore without taking leave of his father (being then absent in the company of his lewd Grand-mother) with a noble spirit conducted his mother to the Sea side, where a ship was ready then to hoist saile, whereof the Pilots they were most willingly received for passengers.

And in this manner departed they the Land: the Black Knight wore on his Helmet for a Scutchion, a black Raven feeding on dead mens flesh, his Caparisons were all of velvet embroidered, which most lively figured forth the black fury lodged in his Princely bosom. Anglitora his Mother, had the attire of an Amazon, made all of the best Arabian silk, coloured like the changable hew of the Rain-bowe: about her neck hung a Jewel of a wonderful value, which was a Diamond cut in the fashion of a Heart split asunder with a Turkish Semiter: betokening a doubt that

she

the had of her Knights loyalty. The slavish Moore that attended them, went all naked, except a shadow of green Taffata which covered his privy parts: upon his foot a Spanish shoe, which is nothing but a soale made of an Asses hide, buckled with small Leathers to his instep; upon his head he wore a Wreathe of Cypres gilded with pure gold, and a plate of Wasse about his neck close locked with the word Bond-slave ingraven about it. In this manner passed they the Seas, and was by these strange habits wondred at in all Countreys where they came: in which Travels we will leave them for a time, and speak of other things pertinent to our story.

CHAP. II.

Of *Tom* of *Lincolnes* strange manner of travelling, his woful departure from *England*, and of his sorrowful lamentations for the unkindnesse of his Lady.

WHen Tom of Lincolne (the Red-rose Knight) had spent some two Moneths in the company of his Mother at Lincolne, giving her as much comfort as a Son might, he left her very penitent for her lifes amisse, and returned to the Court, where he left both his Wife and his Son, the Black Knight, thinking at his Arrival, to finde so joyful a Welcome, and so courteous an Entertainment, that all the black Clouds of Discontent might be blowne over by this happy meeting: but as ill chance had allotted, all things fell out contrary to all expectation; for he neither found Wife, Childe, Servant, nor any one to make him Answer: his Plate and Treasure was diminished, his House-hold-Furniture imbesselled, and by Theeves violently carried away, he had not so much as one Steed left in his Stable, for them the Queen had seized on for her use: and furthermore (by her Commandment) a Decree was made, that whosoever in all the Land shewed him any duty, or gave him but homely reverence, should lose their heads; she indeavoured to brand him with ignominy, for she had entituled him, The base-born son of lust, a Strumpets brat, and the common shame of the dead King. This was the malice of King Arthurs widow, and surely Queene Juno never thirsted more for the

the confusion of Hercules, then she did for Tom a Lincolnes overthrow: But yet this grief (being cast from a Princelie favour, to a vulgar disgrace) was but a pleasure, to the sorrow he took for the misse of his Lady and Son: no newes could he hear from them, but that they were fled from the fury of the angry Queen: which was but a vain imagination laid upon the envious time: but far otherwise did mischief set in her foot, the doting mind of his Lady Anglitora intended to a further reach; which was to abandon his presence for ever, and to think him as ominous to her sight, as the killing Cockatrice. The effect of this his Wifes sudden dislike: she had caused (before her departure) to be carved in stone over the Chimney of his lodging, how that she deserved damnation to leave Father, Friends, and Countrey, for the disloyal love of a Bastard.

Of all grief to him this was the very spring, the root, the depth, the height: which when he had read, he fell into a swoun, and had it not been for two Pages that attended him, he had never recovered: in this agony the veines of his brest sprung out into blood, and all the parts of his body sweat with grief, down fell he then upon his knees, and immediately pulled the Ring from his finger which she had given him when they were first betrothed, and washt it with his teares, killing it a hundred times: all that he ever had from her did he wash in the blood that trickled from his bosome, and after bound them in a Cypresse to his left side, directly where his heart lay, protesting by that God that created him, and was the guide of all his passed fortunes, never to take them thence, till either he found his Lady, or ended his life. He likewise made solemn vow to heaven, never to cut his haire, never to come in bed, never to weare shoes never to taste food, but onely bread and water, nor ever to take pleasure in humanity till he had eased his grief in the presence of his dearest Anglitora, and that her love were reconciled to him.

Being thus strangely resolved, he discharged his servants and Pages, giving them all the wealth and treasure that he had, and clad himself in tanned sheep-skins, made close unto his body, whereby he seemed rather a naked wilde man bred in the wildernesse, then a sensible creature brought up by civil conversation. Thus bare-footed, and bare-legged, with an Ivory staffe in his hand,

hand, he set forward to seek his unkinde Wife, and unnatural Son, giving this woful farewel to his native countrey.

O ye celestial Powers, (quoth he) wherefore am I punished for my Parents offences? wherefore is their secret sins made my publick misery? What have I misdone, that my wife resists me, and like a discourteous Lady forsakes me, making her absence my present calamity?

O thou gracious Queen of love, I have been as loyal a Servant in thy Pleasures, as ever was *Hero* to *Leander*, or *Pyramus* to his *Thisbe*. Wherefore then hath madding fury, like a tyrannous and cruel Commander taken possession of my *Anglitora*'s heart, and placed infernal conditions, whereas the pure vertues of modest behaviour had wont to be harboured? It cannot be otherwise but the furious and enraged Queen with her unquenchable envy hath driven her hence; and not onely of one heart made two, but of two seeks to make none; which is by untimely death, to work both our confusions: therefore proud Queen farewel: let all the furies haunt thee, and may thy Court seem loathsome and hateful to thy sight, as the torments of Hell-fire to a guilty conscience. Ungrateful *England* likewise adieu to thee, for all the honours I have brought into thy Bounds, and with spoils of forreigne Countreys made thee the onely Prince of Kingdoms, yet thou repayest me with disgrace, and loadest me with more contempt, then my never conquered heart can endure.

So kissing the ground with his warme lips, that had so long fostered him, and with many a bitter teare and deep sob, like a Pilgrim (as I said before) he took leave of his native Countrey, and took his journey to the sea-side; where he heard of his wife and his sons departure, after whom (as soon as the wind conveniently serued) he took shipboard: where we will now likewise leave him to his fortune upon Sea, and speake of the professed malice the Queen prosecuted against Angellica the Mother of the Red-rose Knight.

CHAP. III.

Of the woful death of *Angellica* Mother to the *Red-rose Knight*, and of the death of the jealous Queen and others.

THe beauteous Angellica being left by her Son, the Red-rose Knight, (at his departure) in a Monastery at Lincoln, there to bewaile her former offences; and for her youths pleasure, in age to taste the bitter food of sorrow: the day-time she spent in grieved passions, the Night she wasted with sighs and heart-breaking sobs; she fed on careful thoughts, her drink was streames of salt tears; her companions, thoughts of her now passed wanton pleasures; her bed no better then the cold earth; her sleeps were very few, but her comforts lesse; her continual exercise was with a needle to work in silk, upon the hangings in her chamber, which she kept exceeding clean and handsome: how she was first of all wooed, and afterwards won to King Arthurs pleasures, in what manner their meeting were, their amorous and wanton dalliances; his imbraces, her smiles; his Princely gifts, her courteous acceptance; and lastly the birth of her thrice worthy Son, his bringing up, his honours in the Court, and his strange discovery: All which she had wrought, as an arras-work, with silk of divers colours, in a piece of the purest Holland cloth. In doing this, twice had the golden Sun run his circumference about the world, twice had the pleasant Spring beautified the earth with her changeable mantles, twice had nipping winter made the fields barren, and the woods leafelesse, and twice had the year shewed himself to all mankinde: in which time of twice twelve moneths, every day made she a sorrowful complaint for the wrack of honor, and her Virginities love which so willingly she surrendred: and in this so greatly had sorrow and grief changed her, that her eyes (which had wont like twinkling Diamonds to give light to all affections) were now sunk into their cells, and seemed like a hallow Sepulchre newly opened: her face wherein beauty her self dwelt, and her cheeks the true die of the Lily and the Rose interminit, now appeared old and withered like to the countenance of Hecuba, when her Husband King Priamus, and her Princely childzen

children were slain at Troy's destruction: and her tresses of haire gold-like, which like to Indian Wyres hung over her shoulders, were now grown more white then thistle down, the sibles of frozen Ice or the white mountain Snow; all their griefs of nature had not age changed, but the inward grief of her careful heart.

But now mark the woful chance that happened, even upon the day, which by computation she had in former times veiled up her maiden prize, and lost that Jewel that Kingdomes cannot recover: upon that hapless day, came there a Messenger from the Queen to bid her make preparation for death; for on that day should be her lives end, and her fortunes period: which she most willingly accepted of, and took more joy thereat, then to be invited to a Princely Banquet.

Be not dismaid, (said the Messenger) for you shall have as honourable a death as ever had Lady; seven several instruments of death shall be presented to you for a choise, and your own tongue shall give sentence which of them you will die by: whereupon this Messenger set this sorrowful Lady at a round Table, directly in the middle of a very large roome, whereunto he had led her, hung all about with black: where being placed as to a Banquet, or some solemn dinner of state, there entred some Seruitors in disguised shapes like unto Murtherers, with seven several deadly services in Dishes of silver plate: The first brought in fire burning in a dish, if she would, to consume her body to ashes: The second brought in a dish a twisted cord, to strangle her to death: The third, a dish full of deadly poyson, to burst her body withal: The fourth, a sharp, edged razor or knife, to cut her throat. The fifth, an iron Rack, to teare her body into small peeces: The sixth, a dish full of live snakes, to sting her to death: And the seventh, an impoysoned garment, being worn that will consume both flesh and blood. These seven deathful Seruitors having set down their dishes (the least whereof brings present death) she was commanded by the Messenger, which of them she would chuse to die withal, and to make speedy choice; for he was sworne to the Queen (on whom he attended) to see it that day accomplished. At these his words she fell presently upon her knees, and with a courage readier to yield to Deaths fury, then to the mercy of the living Queen, said as followeth;

O thou guider of this earthly Globe, thou that gaveſt my weak nature over to a wanton life, and from a Virgin chaſte, haſt made me an infamous Strumpet: thou that ſufferedſt onely a King in Majeſty to prevaile againſt me, and with the power of greatneſſe won me to lewdneſſe; for which I am now doomed to a preſent death, and forced by violence to bid this tempting world adieu; Inſpire me with that happy choice of death, as that my ſoul may have an eaſie paſſage from my body. Firſt, to die by Fire, to an earthly imagination ſeems terrible, and far different from nature. Secondly, to die with a ſtrangling cord, were baſe, and more fitting for robbers, theeves, and malefactours. Thirdly, to die by deadly poyſon, were a death for beaſts and worms that feed upon the boſom of the earth. Fourthly, to die by cutting knives, and ſlicing razors, were a death for cattel, fowles and fiſhes that die for the uſe of man. Fifthly, by an iron Rack to end my life, were a barbarous death, and againſt mans nature. But ſeventhly, to die a lingring death, which is a life conſuming by wearing of impoiſoned garments (where repentance may ſtill be in company) will I chuſe: therefore ſweet meſſenger of death, do thy office, attire me in theſe Robes: and the manner of my death I beſeech thee make known unto the Queen: Tell her (I pray thee) I forgive her; and may my death be a quiet unto her ſoul, for my life is to her eares as the fatal ſound of Night-ravens, or the Maremaids Tunes.

Vain world, now muſt I leave thy flattering inticements; and inſtead of thy pompe and glory, muſt ſhortly tread the doleful march of pale death; I, and this body that hath been ſo pleaſing to a Princes eye, muſt be furrendred up for wormes to feed upon.

Many other words would ſhe have ſpoken, but that the commanding Meſſenger (being tied to an houre) cauſed her to put on the impoyſoned Robes, which no ſooner came to the warmth of her body, but the good Lady after a few bitter ſighs, and dreadful gaſps yeelded up the Ghoſt, being (through the extremity of the infectious Garment) made like to an Anatomy, which they wrapped in Bear-cloth, and the next day gave her burial according to her eſtate, and ſo returned to the inraged Queen, keeping then her Court at Pendragon Caſtle in Wales, into whoſe preſence the Meſſenger was no ſooner come, but the angry Queen beyond all meaſure being deſirous to hear of Angellicas Death, in a rage ran and claſped him about the middle, ſaying. Speak,

Speak, Meſſenger, ſpeak, Is the vile Strumpet dead? Is the ſhame of Woman-kinde tortured? Is my hearts griefe by her Death baniſhed from my boſome? Speak, for I am over-maſtered with doubts.

Moſt gracious Queen, (quoth the Meſſenger) reſolve your ſelfe of her death; for the cold Earth hath incloſed up her body: but ſo patiently tooke ſhe her death, that well might it have moved a Tiger-heart to remorſe; for in troth my heart relented at the manner of her death: Never went Lamb more gently to ſlaughter, nor ever was Turtle-dove more meek then this woful Lady was at the meſſage of her death: for the Elements did ſeeme to mourne, cloſing their bright beauties up in black and ſable Curtaines; and the very flinty walls (as it were) ſweat of the Agony of her death; ſo gently, meekly, and humbly took ſhe her death, commending her ſelf unto your Majeſty, wiſhing that her death might be your ſoules contentment.

And could ſhe be ſo patient, (quoth the Queen) that ſhe even in death would wiſh happineſſe to the cauſers thereof? farewel thou miracle of woman-kinde, I have been to thee a ſavage Lioneſſe: I was blinded at the report of thy wantonneſſe, elſe hadſt thou been now alive: all my cruelty againſt thee I now deeply repent, and for thy dear hearts blood by me ſo raſhly ſpilt, it ſhall be ſatisfied with the lives of many ſouls.

Hereupon, ſhe in a fury commanded the Meſſengers head to be ſtricken off, and the ſeven Servitors to be hanged all at the Court-gate, and afterward cauſed their limbs to be ſet upon high Poles by the common High-way-ſide, as an example of her indignation.

Never after this houre (ſuch is the remorſe of a guilty Conſcience) could ſhe ſleep in quiet, but ſtrange viſions of this Lady (as ſhe thought) ſeemed to appear unto her: the leaſt noiſe that ſhe heard whiſpering in the ſilence of the Night, did ſhe imagine to be ſome Fury to drag her to Hell, for the death of this good Lady: the Windes (as ſhe imagined) murmured forth Revenge, the running Rivers hummed forth Revenge, the flying Fowles of the Ayre whiſtled out Revenge: yea, every thing that made noyſe (in her conceit) gave remorſe for Revenge: and till that her own life had given ſatisfaction by death for the ruine of ſo ſweet a Ladies life, no food could do her good, no ſleep quiet

her brain, no pleasure content her mind, but Despaire with a terrible countenance, did evermore attend her, willing her sometime to throw her selfe headlong from the top of a Tower, sometime by poyson to end her dayes, sometime by drowning, sometime by hanging, sometime by one thing, sometime by another: but at last in the middle of the night, having her heart deeply overmastred by despair, she took a Girdle of pure Arrabian Silke, which Girdle she first wore on her Princely Nuptiall day when King Arthur married her: this fatall Girdle she made a sliding knot of, and therewithal upon her Bed-post she hanged her selfe: Thus blood (you see) being guiltlesse shed, is quitted again with blood.

The Queen being dead, was not so much pitied of the people as the good Lady Angellica, little lamentation was made for her death: for every one expected the like untimely end; but according to the allegeance of Subjects her Noblemen gave her a Princely Funerall, and set over her an Iron Tombe in signification that she had an Iron heart, and Flinty conditions.

Here will we leave the dead to their quiet rests, and returne to the Black Knight and his Mother Anglitora with the Indian slave that attends them: for strange be the accidents that happen'd to them in forraign Countreys: and after we will speak what happened to the Red-rose Knight upon the sea.

CHAP. IV.

By what meanes *Anglitora* became a Curtizan, and how her Son the *Black Knight* lost himself in a Wildernesse.

The Black Knight, his Mother Anglitora, and the Blacke-a-moore slave, having happily croſt the Seas, and arrived in a Country very fertil to see to, being replenished with all kinde of Trees and Fruit, yet were there no Inhabitants to finde, but onely an old Castle built of Flint-stone, the Turrets whereof were made like the Grecian Pyramides square and very high: At this Castle-gate they knocked so boldly (each one careleſſe of all accidents that might happen) as it rung into the Chamber where the Knight of the Castle lay: who immediatly sent a very lou-

low ſtatured dwarf to ſee who knocked, and if they were ſtrangers to direct them up into his Chamber, to take ſuch kind courteſies as the Caſtle affoꝛded: foꝛ indeed he was a Knight of a bountiful condition, and full of liberality.

The dwarf no ſooner coming to the Gate, and eſpying people in ſuch ſtrange diſguiſed attires, never having ſeen the like beforе: without ſpeaking one woꝛd ran amazedly up to his Maſter, certifying him that a kind of people of an unknown Nation were arrived, and that they ſeemed rather Angels (in ſhape) then any earthly creatures.

The Knight of the Caſtle hearing this, came down and met them in a large ſquare Court paved with marble ſtone, where he kindly gave them entertainment, promiſing them both lodging and other needful things they were deſtitute of.

The three travellers accepted of his courteſies, and being long beforе weather-beaten on the Seas, thought themſelves from a deep dungeon of calamities lifted to the top of all pleaſures and Proſperity; thus from the paved Court the Knight led them up to his own Chamber, wherein was a fire made of Juniper-wood, and Frankincenſe, which ſmelled very ſweet; the walls were hung about with rich Tapeſtry, whereon was writ the ſtoꝛy of Troy's deſtruction, the creation of mankinde, and the fearful deſcription of the latter day of doom; likewiſe hung upon the ſame Walls Inſtruments of all ſoꝛts of Muſick, with ſuch variety of other pleaſures, as they had never ſeen the like.

Now while theſe weary travellers took pleaſure in beholding theſe pleaſant things, the good Knight cauſed his dwarf (which was all the ſervants that he kept) to cover the Table made of Cypreſſe-wood with a fine Damaſk Table-cloath, and thereon ſet ſuch delicates as his Caſtle affoꝛded, which was a piece of a wilde Boare roaſted the ſame moꝛning, with divers other ſervices of Fowles, whereof the countrey had plenty: Their of Almonds mired with Goats milk, bread was made (foꝛ no Corn grew in this ſoil) their Dꝛink of the White-Grape, likewiſe mingled with Goates-milke, which is in my minde accounted reſtoꝛative: to this Banquet were the travellers placed, where having gon Stomacks they quickly ſatisfied their hunger, and afterwards began to chat of their adventures, what

dangers

dangers they endured at Sea, and how luckily they arrived in that Countrey, giving the courteous Knight great thanks for his kindneſſe.

On the other ſide, when the banquet was ended, every one riſing from the Table he took an Orphirian that hung by, and cauſed his dwarf to dance a meaſure after the ſound thereof; the ſtrings whereof he himſelf ſtrained with ſuch curioſity, that it moved much delight, eſpecially to the Lady Anglitora, whoſe eyes & ears were as attentive to the Melody, as Helena's were to the inchanting Muſick of the Grecian Paris. In this kinde of pleaſure conſumed they moſt part of the day, till the bright Sun began greatly to decline; then the Black Knight in a couragious ſpirit, ſaid,

Sir Knight, (for ſo you ſeeme to be by your entertainment of Strangers) this Carpet-kinde of pleaſure I like not, it diſagrees with my young deſires; the hunting of untamed Tygers, the Tilts and Turniaments of Knights, and the Battels of renowned Warriours, is the glory I delight in: and now conſidering no other adventurous exercife may be found in this Countrey, but onely the hunting of wilde beaſts, I will into the Forreſt, and by manhood fetch ſome wild Veniſon for my mothers ſupper.

The Knight of the Caſtle (ſeeing his reſolution) furniſhed him with a hunting Javelin, and ſo directed him to the Foreſt, where moſt plenty of ſuch pleaſures were: God be his good ſpeed, for we will leave the Black Knight in his exerciſe, and ſpeak of the wanton affections of Anglitora and the Knight of the Caſtle that they caſt upon each other: a ſhort tale to make, whereas two hearts make one thought, the bargain is ſoon made: the Knight of the Caſtle having not had the preſence nor ſociety of a woman in ſeven years before, grew as wantonly minded as the Roman Tarquinius when he raviſhed the chaſte Lady Lucretia.

On the other ſide: Anglitora having the venome of diſloyalty, grew ſo pliable to his deſires, that at his pleaſure he obtained that love which in former times the Red-roſe Knight adventured his life for; ſhe that in former times was accounted the worlds admiration for conſtancy, was now the very wonder of ſhame, and the by-word of modeſt Matrons: this was the firſt dayes entrance into their wanton pleaſures, which in all dalliance they ſpent untill the Sun had loſt the ſight of the earth: then expecting the

re,

return of the Black Knight from hunting, they ſate as demurely as if they had been the chaſteſt livers of the world; not a glance of wantonneſſe paſſed betwixt them, but all modeſt and civil behaviours; in this ſort ſtaied they attending for the return of the Black Knight, but all in vaine: for having a wilde Panther in chaſe, he followed ſo far in the unknown Forreſt that he loſt himſelf, all that night travelling to finde the way forth, but could not; ſleep was to him as meat to ſick man his ſteps; were numberleſſe, like the ſtars of heaven, or the ſands of the Sea: his devices for recovery little prevailed, the further he went, the further he was from returning: this day and night (for many dayes and nights) ſpent he in theſe comfortleſſe travels; no hope cheared his heart, no comfort bore him company, but his patient minde: and now at laſt, when he ſaw all means fruſtrated, he reſolved to live and die in that ſolitary Forreſt: his food he made of the fruits of trées, his drink of the clear running water, his Bed was no better then a heap of Sun-burn'd Moſſe, his Canopies the azure Elements full of twinkling lights, his Curtains a row of thick-branched Trées; the torches to light him to his Bed, the Stars of heaven; the Melody or Muſick to bring him aſleep, the croaks of ravens, or the fearful cries of night-owles: the clock to tell the houres of the night, were hiſſing Snakes and Toads croaking in foggy graſſe: his morning-cock the chearful Nitingale, or the chirping Lark: his companions on the day, were howling wolves, ravening Lions, and the wrathful Boars: all (as the Fates had decréd) as gentle to him in fellowſhip, as people of a civil government: for to ſay troth, time and neceſſity had converted him to a man of wilde conditions: for his haire wos grown long and ſhaggy, like unto a Satyr; his fleſh tanned in the Sun as an Indian; the nailes of his fingers were as the talons of Eagles; wherewith he could eaſily climbe the higheſt Trees: garments he had not any, for they were worn out; and as willingly was he content with nakedneſſe, as in former times he was with rich abiliments.

Thus lived he for ſeven years in this deſolate Forreſt, by which time he was almoſt grown out of the favour of a man: where for a time we will leave him, and proceed to other accidents: alſo we will over-paſſe the lewd lives of *Anglitora* and the Knight of the Caſtle, nor ſpeak as yet any more of their ſeven years adultery: for

numberleſſe were the ſins committed by them in thoſe ſeven years, in that accurſed Caſtle.

CHAP. V.

How the *Red-roſe Knight* found his Lady, and how he was moſt ſtrangely murthered, and buried in a dung-hill.

THe Blackamore ſlave (as you have heard) attended upon them like an obedient Servant, and ſhewed all duty and love, till Anglitora gave her body to the ſpoile of luſt; from a vertuous Lady converted herſelfe to a hated Strumpet: which vile courſe of life when the Indian perceived, he ſecretly departed the Caſtle, greatly lamenting the wrongs of his Maſter the Red-roſe Knight whole noble mind deſerved better at her hands; day and night travelled the poor ſlave toward England, thinking to finde his Maſter there, and to reveale that which he thought hardly would be believed by him: weary & oppreſt with hunger went he this long journey: many Provinces he paſſed thorow, before he could learne the way towards England; & then was he ſo far from it as at the firſt, when he departed from the Caſtle.

The labouring Husbandman grieved not more to ſee his Corne and Cattel taken by Thæves, nor the Merchant to hear of his Shippes ſunke at Sea, then did this Indian at his vaine travells and wearieſome Journeys to ſmall purpoſe: ſo at laſt ſetting forward againe, he came to the Sea-ſide, thinking to heare of ſome Ship to give him paſſage over; but alas, one croſſe falls after another: one miſchief comes upon the necke of another: one miſchiefe ſeldom happens alone: ſo as this true-hearted Neger ſtood beholding how the billowes of the Sea beat againſt her bankes, and the whale-fiſhes lay wallowing in the Waves: behold, ſuch a tempeſt ſuddenly aroſe, that by the force thereof the poore ſlave was caſt into the Sea; but by reaſon of his Silken baile tyed about his middle, and his great ſkill in ſwimming (as moſt Negers be perfect therein) kept himſelfe from drowning: and as good fortune would, the ſame tempeſt drove the weather-beaten Ship to the

the ſame ſhore wherein the Red-roſe Knight (his Maſter) was, which Ship had been ſeven yeers upon the Sea in great extremity, and before this tyde could never ſee land.

By that time the Tempeſt ended, the Ship floated to land, wherein was left but only the Red-roſe Knight in his Pilgrims weed (for all the reſt were ſtarved for want of food) who being weake and feeble, climbed up to the top of the Hatches, where when he had perceived the Neger labouring for life upon the waters, caſt out a long cord, and ſo ſaved him: whom when the Red-roſe Knight ſaw, and perfectly knew, he fell almoſt into a trance for joy, ſuppoſing his Lady and Sonne not to be fare diſtant; but recovering his former ſenſes, he ſpake as followeth.

Oh bleſſed *Neptune*, haſt thou vouchſafed to deliver me from the depth of my bowells, and caſt me on land, where once againe I may behold my faire *Anglitora*, and my deare ſonne, the *black Knight*? Theſe ſeven yeares famine indured on the ſea, hath been a ſweet pleaſure to me, in that the end brings me to my deſires. Full threeſcore of my miſerable companions in this Ship hath death ſeazed upon, and through famine have eaten one another, making their hungry bowels graves for the other carcaſes; and though now this belly of mine (like the Cannibals) hath been glutted with humane fleſh, and this mouth of mine taſted the blood of man: yet am I as pittifull as the tender-hearted Mother, forgetting her Sons offences: and to my *Anglitora* will be as kinde, as if neither ſhe had treſpaſſed, nor like the *Grecian Helena* left her married Lord. So taking the *Blackamore* by the hand, he demanded of her welfare, and in what eſtate his Sonne remained? The true-hearted *Neger* could hardly ſpeake for griefe, or utter one word for teares: yet at the laſt with a wofull ſigh he uttered forth theſe heart-killing and wofull ſpeeches.

Oh my noble Maſter, (quoth he) by you from a Pagan I was made a Chriſtian: by you from a Heathen Nation without civilitie, I was brought to a Land of Princely government: and by you, till my departure, was I maintained in good manner: therefore if I ſhould prove a periured ſlave, and a falſe varlet towards you, my body were worthy to be made food for the hungry Fowls of the Ayre, and for the ravening Beaſts of the fields: therefore now

conſidering that duty binds me to it, I will reveale ſuch wofull chances, and ſuch diſloyall tricks ſhewed by your Lady, as will make your heart tremble, your ſinews ſhake, and your haire to ſtand upright.

Anglitora your Lady and Wife hath diſhonoured your Bed, and polluted that ſacred Chamber of ſecrecie, which none ought to know, but only you two: That marriage-vow ſhe made in Gods holy Temple, hath ſhe infringed, and untyed the knot of Nuptiall promiſe: in a countrey far from hence hath ſhe wrought this hateful crime, in a Countrey unpeopled lives ſhe in a Caſtle which is kept by a Knight of a wanton demeanor; there live they two in adultery, there live they ſecretly ſleeping in wantonneſſe: and there for theſe ſeven yeares hath ſhe made her ſelf the child of ſhame: all this with extream grief do I unfold & with a heart almoſt kild with ſorrow do I breath out the duty of a ſervant: if I have offended, let my death make amends: for what I ſpeak is truly delivered from a heart unfeigned.

All this time of this ſorrowful Diſcourſe, ſtood the Red-roſe Knight in a bitter agonie, like one newly dropt from the clouds, not knowing how to take theſe diſcourteſies: one while purpoſing to be revenged, and with his nailes to teare out the Trumpets eyes, another while bewailing her weake nature, that ſo eaſily was won to lewdneſſe: but at laſt taking to him (the vertue) patience, he reſolved to travell to the Caſtle, and with his meek perſuaſions ſeek to win her from her wickedneſſe, and to forget, forgive, and caſt out of remembrance all theſe her unwoman like demeanours, obſerving the Proverbe, That faire meanes ſooner winnes a woman, then foule.

Thus in company of his true ſervant the *Neger* he took his journy toward the Caſtle; where (after foure moneths travel) they arrived; the *Red-roſe Knight* by the directions of the *Neger*, knocked, and in his Pilgrimes habit deſired meate and lodging for himſelfe and his guide.

The firſt that opened the gate, was his own Lady who immediately upon the ſight of them bluſhed, as though ſome ſudden feare had affrighted her; yet diſſembhingly (colouring her knowledge of them) ſhe in a charitable manner gave them entertainment, and conducted them to a by-room at the back-ſide of the Caſtle: into which place ſhe ſent them (by her Dwarfe) victuals from her own Table, with com-

command, that the next morning they ſhould avoyd, and never more trouble this place.

This meſſage ſent by the Dwarfe much diſquieted the Red-roſe Knight, and drove ſuch amaze into his minde, that he grew ignorant what to do: And ſeeing his appointed time very ſhort to remaine there, he now thought fit to ſtrike whileſt the Iron was hot, and to diſcover what he was: ſo taking the Scarfe of Jewels and Rings tyed to his left ſide againſt his heart (which he knew perfectly well to be the gifts of her Love) and by the Dwarfe ſent them her: The which ſhe no ſooner beheld, but ſhe openly ſaid to the Knight of the Caſtle that their ſecret affections were diſcovered, and her Husband in habit of a Pilgrim made abode in her houſe, conducted thither by the Moore to bring their ſhame to light, to carry her thence to England, there to be puniſhed for her Sinnes. Hereupon the Knight and ſhe purpoſed the ſame night to rid themſelves of that feare and by ſome violent death ſend the Pilgrim to his laſt abiding Diſquietneſſe attended on all ſides for that day, and every houre ſeemed ten, till night approached; which at laſt came, though long looke for. Then Anglitora in company of the Knight of the Caſtle like two Murtherers, roſe from their beds, even at that houre of the night when miſchiefes are acted, when no noyſe was heard but the barking of Wolves, the howling of Dogs, and the crooking of Night-owles, all aſſiſtants to black actions: In this manner came they into the Lodging of the Pilgrim, who for wearineſſe of his Journey moſt ſoundly ſlept, little dreaming that ſuch cruelty could be lodged in the boſome of his wedded wife: one, whoſe love he had firſt gained with great danger, and allwaies eſteemed as deare as his own heart-blood, All ſignes of duty had ſhe obſcured, not any remembrance had ſhe of Womanish weakneſſe, Marriage-Love was forgotten, their paſſed toys were as things that had never been: not any thought of remorſe remained within her; but ſhe more cruell then the new delivered Beare, or the Tyger ſtarved for meat, by the help of the Knight of the Caſtle, tooke the Scarfe of Jewells (ſent her from him the ſame evening) and by violence thruſt them down the Pilgrims throat, by which meanes ſhe bereaved him of life, and without any ſolemnitie due to ſo brave a man, they buried him in a Dung-hill without the Gate, not ſhedding ſo much as one

fear for his death: so great was the envy of this his spightful Lady. The poor Neger they set up to the middle in the ground to fiercely fastened, that by any means he could not stir from thence, where we will leave him wishing for death, the Red-rose Knight, or rather the unhappy Pilgrim in his un-christian-like Grave, and the Knight of the Castle with the murtheresse Anglitora, to their surfeiting Banquets of sin, and return to the Black Knight, which had lost himself in the woods.

CHAP. VI.

How the *Black Knight* being lost in a willderneſſe becume a wild man, how his Fathers Ghost appeared unto him, and in what manner he slew his own Mother.

By this time the Black Knight grew so natural a wild man, as though he had been bred in the wilderneſſe: for day by day he sported with Lions, Leopards, Tygers, Elephants, Unicorns, and such like kinde of beasts, playing as familiarly with them, as in King Arthurs Court he had with gallant gentlemen. But mark how it happened; one day above another, he chanced to walk down into a valley, where he sate himself down by the Rivers-side, and in humane complaints bewailed his own estate, how being born and bred of a Princely Race, descended royally, he should thus consume his days in savage sort amongst wilde beasts, and by no means could recover his liberty, or free himselfe from that solitary wilderneſſe. Being in this distreſſe of minde, sudden fear assailed him, his heart shivered, his haire stood upright, the Elements seemed to look dim, a terrible tempest tore up huge trees, the wilde beasts roared and gathered on an heap together, birds fell lifeleſſe from the aire, the ground as it were trembled, and a sudden alteration troubled each thing about him: in this amaze sate he a good time, marvelling what should ensue: at last there appeared (as he imagined) the Ghost of his Father newly murdered, with a countenance pale and wanne, with hollow eyes (or none at all) gliding up and

and down before him: caſting ſuch fearful frowns, as might make the ſtouteſt heart in the world to tremble: and at laſt, ſetting himſelf before the Black Knight, ſpake as followeth.

Fear not my Sonne, I am the Ghoſt of thy murthered Father, returned from *Plutoes* hollow Region; I came from that burning Kingdome where continually flames an everlaſting Furnace: from the fearful Pit come I to thee for revenge: Oh thou my Sonne: if ever gentle nature were pliant in thy boſome: if ever thou tookeſt pleaſure to hear thy Fathers honours ſpoken of; if ever thou deſireſt to have thy life meritorious in this world, take to thee thy never failing courage, and revenge my death upon thy adulterous Mother: thy mother now living in the filthineſſe of ſhame, making the Caſtle where ſhe now remains in, a luſtful ſtewes; there was I murthered, and there buried in a ſtinking Dung-hill: no man gave me Funeral tears, nor any ſorrowed for my death: I that have dared death in the face, and purchaſed honour in many Kingdomes, was ſlain by my own wife, by my neereſt Friend, by my ſecond ſelf, by *Anglitora*, by her whom the whole world admired for vertue. Riſe (dear Son) riſe and haſte thee to that Caſtle polluted with the ſhame of thy wicked mother: Riſe, I ſay, and let the pavements of that Caſtle be ſprinkled with their deteſted blood, the blood of that Monſter that hath not onely deſpoiled my marriage-bed of honoured dignities, but like a tyrant to her own fleſh hath murthered me. See how the angry heavens (as it were) do threaten my revenge: Hearke how hell-furies do howle and roare for revenge: my Wifes adultery at the hand of heaven deſerves revenge: my bleeding ſoule (Oh my Sonne) wandreth in unquiet paths, till thou worke ſt revenge: my death and murther cries (as did the blood of Abel) for revenge: then fear no (Sonne) to act it; for duty, love and nature bindes thee to it. By heaven, and by that great immortal throne of happineſſe: By the low Kingdome of eternal paines; By the huge watery Seas I paſt to follow her; By earth and by the ſouls of all the mortal men that ever died, I command, charge, and conſtraine thee to perſevere in this revenge: Hence to that foule defamed Caſtle, defamed by adultery, defamed by murther; there to my ſoule do thy lateſt duty; there wound thy curſed mothers breſt, there ſacri-

fice

ſee her lifes blood, there appeaſe thy fathers Ghoſt incenſt with fury: ſo ſhall my ſoul in ioy enter the fields of fair Elizium: but if thou proue coward-like, and through fear deny to execute my glorious Reuenge, from this day hencefoꝛth ſhall my pale, wanne, leane, and withered Ghoſt with ghaſtly looks, and fearful ſteps, purſue and follow thee. Theſe were the woꝛds of his Fathers Ghoſt: and having ſpoken theſe woꝛds, with a grieuous groan, he vaniſhed. At this his ſudden departure the Black Knight cried with a loud and fearful voice, ſaying,

My noble father, ſtay; Oh ſtay thy haſty ſteps: once moꝛe let my hear thee ſpeak. Whither flieſt thou? Oh let me hear thy voice again: It will not be, he is vaniſhed; and my mother lives as a ſhame to all our generation. Oh thou ſtain of woꝛmanhood! Oh thou bloody Lionneſſe! Oh bruiſh act! Oh beaſtly deſires: Where ſhall I now finde a place to ſhed teaꝛs in? foꝛ my heart is rent into ten thouſand pieces, and the teꝛroꝛ of this deed is too intolerable. Reſt then in peace, ſweet Father: thou in thy life weꝛt both wiſe and valiant: thy vertue, wiſdom, and manhood made thy very enemies to loue thee: Oh thou what foꝛtune hadſt thou, to die by the unfriendly truſt of thy own wife, my diſloyal moꝛher, thy neaꝛeſt friend proued thy greateſt enemy: and by a Womans malice, that heart was killed, that millions of foes could neveꝛ daunt. Oh ſweet Red-roſe Knight, moſt happy hadſt thou been to haue died in the fields of bloody warre, and ſealed thy lifes quittance amongſt renouned Souldiers: then had thy death been moꝛe honourable, my wicked mother had not murthered thee, noꝛ I beene inforced to take ſuch bloody vengeance, as I intend, deare Father, foꝛ thy ſake: foꝛ let me neveꝛ breath one day longer, noꝛ view the nert Moꝛnings riſing Sun, let me eveꝛ liue impriſoned in this Wilderneſſe, let nothing proſper that eveꝛ I take in hand, and heꝛe let the World end, if I ceaſe to proſecute a moꝛtal Reuenge, as the ſoul of my Father hath commanded. Heꝛeupon he ſet foꝛward toward the Caſtle, conducted by what chance the heauens had allotted him: not one ſtep he knew aright, noꝛ what courſe to take to finde the direct way; but it happened that an ignis fatuus (as he thought) oꝛ a going fire led him the right way out of the Foꝛreſt directly to the Caſtle, where his diſhoneſt

dishonest Mother made her aboard. But comming nére unto the Gates, he found all close, and nére unto the Castle the Blackamore set half way quick into the earth, having for want of food eaten most part of the flesh from his armes: whom the Black Knight soon digged up, and kept alive, to be a furtherance to his intended revenge.

The poor Indian being thus happily preserved from death, revealed all that had happened in the said Castle, how his Mother lived in adultery, how his Father was murthered, why himself was set quick in the Earth; and lastly, for the love of his dead Master, he protested to conduct him through a secret Vault into the Castle, that in the dead of the night they might the easier accomplish their desired revenge: Thus lingring about the Castle till the middle of the night: a time (as they imagined) to be the fittest for their tragical businesse: at last the midnight-houre came, and through a secret Cell they entred underneath the Castle into the Lodging where his Father was murthered. This is the place (quoth the Neger) where my sad eyes beheld thy Father both alive and dead: so going from thence into the Chamber, which by chance, and (as ill luck had appointed) was through negligence left open, he shewed him the Bed where these Adulterers lay secretly sléeping in each others Armes. Oh doleful sight! (quoth the *Black Knight*) This lust hath made me fatherlesse, and ere long this weapon shall make me motherlesse: so kneeling down upon his knées, in a whispering manner he said unto himself:

Ye lowring Destinies, how weave you the Webb of their two lives that have lived too long. Ye infernal Furies, draw neer, assist me thou revengeful God *Nemesis*; for on this sword sits now such a glorious revenge, as being taken the world will then applaud me for a loving Sonne. Having spoken these words, he sheathed his sword up to the hilt in the bosome of the Knight of the Castle, who lying in the Armes of Anglitora gave so deadly a groan, that she immediately awaked, first looking to the Knight that was slain in her armes, then perceiving her Son standing with his weapon drawn, yet reaking in the blood of the dead Knight, menacing likewise her death, with a woful shriek she breathed out these words:

O what hast thou done, my cruel sonne? thou hast slain the mira-

cle of humanity, and one whom I have choſen to be my hearts Paramour, and thy ſecond father.

O Lady, (quoth the Black Knight) for mother is too proud a title for thee: What fury driveth thee to lament the deſerved death of that lewd blood-ſhedder, and not rather chuſe with heart renting ſighes to bewaile the death of my Father, thy renowned husband, whoſe guiltleſſe body, even dead thou didſt deſpiſe by burying him inhumanely upon a Dung-hill: but heaven hath granted, and earth hath agreed, deteſting both thy miſdeeds, and hath ſent me to ſacrifice thy blood unto the ſoul of my murthered Father.

Whileſt he was ſpeaking theſe words, Anglitora aroſe from her bed, and in her ſmock, which was of pure Cambrick, ſhe kneeled to her Son, upon her bare knees, ſaying,

Oh thou my dear Son, whom once I nouriſhed in my painful womb, and fed thee with mine own blood, whom oft I chiefely dandled in my Armes, when with lullabies and ſweet kiſſes I rocked thee aſleep: O farre be it from thee (my loving Sonne) to harme that breſt, from whom thou firſt receiveds life: Of thee (my Son) thy mother begging life. Oh ſpare the life, that once gave thee life, with bleeding tears I do confeſſe my wanton offences. I do confeſſe through me thy Father died: Then, if confeſſion of faults may merit mercy, pardon my life. Obſcure not thy renown with cruelty, making thy ſelf unkinde and monſtrous in murthering of thy mother. I charge thee by the duty that thou oweſt me; by all the Bonds of love betwixt a Mother and a Son; by all the kindneſſe ſhewed to thee in thy infancy, let thy mother live that begs life upon her bare knees: Do not thou glory in my miſeries: let not my tears whet on thy cruelty: let not thy minde be bent to death and murther: be no ſavage Monſter, be not unnatural, rude and brutiſh: let my intreaties prevaile to ſave my life: wound not the wombe that foſtred thee, which now I tearmed wicked, by onely foſtering thee; what childe can glut his eyes with gazing on his Parents wounds, and will not faint in beholding them?

Hereu on the Black Knight not able to indure to ſuffer his Mothers further intreating, leſt pitty and remorſe might mollifie his heart, and ſo grant her life (which to Heaven to take away he had deeply

deeply sworne) he cut her off with these deadly words?

Lady, I am not made of Flint nor Adamant; in kind regard of calamity, I am almost struck with remorse: but duty must quite undo all duty: Kinde must work against kinde, all the powers of my body be at mortal strife, and seek to confound each other. Love turnes to hatred, nature turns to wrath, and duty to revenge: for methinks my Fathers blood with a groaning voice, cries to heaven for revenge: therefore to appease my Fathers angry spirit, here shalt thou yield up thy dearest blood. Here was he ready to strike, and with the sword to finish up the tragedy: but that his grieved soul in kind nature plucked back his hand: whereupon with a great sigh he said,

Oh heavens, how am I grieved in mind! Father, forgive me, I cannot kill my mother. And now again, methinks I see the pale shadow of my Fathers Ghost gliding before mine eyes: me thinks he shews me the manner of his murther; methinks his angry looks threaten me and tell me how that my heart is possest with cowardise, and childish fear; Thou dost prevaile. O Father, even now receive this sacrifice of blood and death; this pleasing sacrifice which to appease thy troubled soul, I here do offer. And thus in speaking these words, with his sword he split the dear heart of his mother; from whence the blood as from a gushing spring issued. Which when he beheld, such a sadden conceit of grief entred his minde, considering that he had slaine his own mother, whom in duty he ought to honour above all living women, that he rather fell into a frenzie then a melancholy; and so with a pale countenance and ghastly looks, with eyes sparkling like to a burning furnace, began to talk idly,

What have I done? Whom hath my bloody hand murthered? Now woe unto my soule, for I am worse then the viperous brood that eat out their dammes womb to get life unto themselves: they do but according to nature, I against all nature; for I have digged up the bosome that first gave me life. Oh wicked wretch; where shall I now hide my head? for I have slain my self, in killing her: I have stained this Chamber here with humane blood. The heavens abhorre me for this deed: The world condemnes me for this murther, and Hell-furies will follow me with shame and terrour: The Gods are grieved, Men

(me thinks) flie from my company: dead Ghosts arise in my distresses: I see my mother comes with a breast bleeding, threatening confusion to my fortunes. Oh thou ugly Spirit! cease to follow me, torment me not alive, for the wrath of Heaven is fallen upon my head. Despair, where art thou? I must finde thee out, will go seek thee through the world: and if in the world I find thee not, Ile saddle winged Pegasus, and scale the mansion-place of love. I will ransack all the corners of the skie, I will throw down the Sunne, the Moone and Starres: then leaving heaven, I will go seek for despaire in the loathsome poole of Hell; there in Plutoes Court will I binde black Cerberus up in chains, the tripple-headed Hel-hound, that Porter of hell-gates, because he let Despair passe from thence. In this frantick sort ran he up and down the Chamber, and at last with the nailes of his fingers, he fell to grave upon the stone-walls the picture of his mother, imitating Pigmalion, hoping to have life breathed into the same. Meane-while the poore Indian with fleshlesse armes heaved up towards heaven, and on his bare knees, made his supplication to the Gods, for the Blacks Knights recovery of his wits.

Oh you angry heavens! (quoth he) revoke your heavy doomes, forget this crime, forgive this unnatural murther, pitty the state of this distressed Knight, and send some meanes to recover his senses. Thou bright Lamp of heaven, thou eternal light, although in justice we have deserved thy wrath, yet let my prayers, my never ceasing prayers, my heart-renting sighs, my deep inforced teares, work some remorse from thy incensed ire; that either this Knight may recover his lost senses, or set him free from death. Thus in a zealous manner prayed the poor Neger, desiring God to lay the Knights fault upon his head, and reclaime his unbridled rage: which prayer was soone regarded by heaven, for the Black Knight had immediately his madnesse turned into a sad melancholy, and in a more gentle manner made his sad lamentations, as you shall heare in the next Chapter.

But now the Neger, that all the time of Anghtora's murther stood in a trance, began now a little (considering the fright he took at the Black Knights madnesse) to summon again together his natural senses, and perceiving the unchaste Lady dead, Cold, Pale, Wan, lying weltring in her goare and blood of her false heart

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(ſhed by her own childe) all beſprinkled about the chamber, ſaid as followeth:

Now (quoth the Neger, betwixt life and death) have you ſhown your ſelf a dutiful Sonne, and Nobly revenged the death of your Father. Theſe were the laſt words of the poore Indian; which was then ſunke down, and never after breathed. Their upon came forth the Dwarfe of the Caſtle, with a great ſtore of treaſure, proffering the ſame to the Black Knight; who nothing thirſting after covetouſneſſe, refuſed it, and withall took the Dwarf in ſatisfaction for the *Neger's* death, and crammed the treaſure down his throat; and after buried the two ſervants together in one grave. This being done he digged up his fathers body from the Dunghil, and brought it to the Chamber where his mother lay, and after in an Abby-yard belonging to the Caſtle, he buried them both likewiſe in one grave. This being done, he kneeled thereupon, and made his complaint in this manner:

CHAP. VII.

Of the *Black Knights* melancholy lamentation over the grave of his Parents; and of other things that happened.

O Thrice happy for evermore be this ground that contains the bodies of my unfortunate parents! for this earth hath received the ſweet darling of nature, and the onely delight of the whole world; the Sunne-ſhine of Chriſtendome, and the glory of mankinde. Oh thrice happy be the graſſe, that from henceforth ſhall grow upon this grave! let never Sithe touch it, nor crafty lurking Serpent with venemous breath, or deadly poyſon hurt it: Let no Lions pawe, nor Bears foot tread upon it: Let no Beaſts horne in any manner abuſe it: Let no Birds with pecking, no creeping filthy Vermine, no Winters nipping Froſt, no nightly falling Dewes, no rage of the parching Sunnes heat, nor ſtarres have power from Heaven, nor fearful Tempeſt, nor terrible Lightning in any manner annoy it: Let no Plough-man drive hither his

weary Oxen, nor Shepherds bring hither their Sheepe, leſt by the Bulls rage it be harmed, or by the harmely Sheepe it be eaten: but let it for ever grow that the diſplaying thereof may reach to heaven: and may from henceforth this grave be ever accounted ſacred: and may the graſſe be ever ſprinkled with ſweete Waters. Some good man upon this grave ſet a burning Taper, that then for every anguiſh of my heart, I may beate my breſts, till my fiſts have ſtrucken the winde from my body; and that my ſoule may beare them company into Elizium. Come you wanton fleſhly Satyres: Come you friendly Fawnes: Come you Fayries and Driades, and ſing ſweete Epitaphs; lift up your voices to heaven, and let your praiſes be in the honour of my Parents: my ſelfe like a Wan, Pale, and Dead man, will beare you company: I will weary the world with my complaints: I wilt make huge Streames with my teares: ſuch Streames, as no Banck ſhall bear: ſuch Streams, as no drought ſhall dry. But alas, what do I mean to repeate theſe ſeverall lamentations: ſince my deare Parents be dead: ſince from the world they are parted: ſince they are buried without ſolemnity: ſince my delights are all incloſed in the Ground: yet will I ſtill here make my complaints, though no good eaſe comes thereby, adding teares to teares, and ſorrows to ſorrows. Oh frowning fortune! Oh unlucky Starres!

Oh curſed day that ever I did this deed! for now no ſenſe, nor knowledge takes their unſenſible bodies off my griefes: in the Grave there is no feeling: in death there is no pitty taken. Oh thou *Silvanus*, thou Commander of theſe mountaines, help me poore helpleſſe ſoule to ſhed teares: for my religion, for my devotion and countreys ſake help me: either let me have ſome comfort in my ſorrows, or let me in death beare my Parents company.

Thou ſeeſt what torments I ſuffer; how my heart trembles, how my eyes flow with teares, how my head is with teares poſſeſt, how my ſoule is full of horrible anguiſh, all this thou ſeeſt, and yet it little grieves thee to ſee it. Oh thou churliſh ground! from henceforth ceaſe any more to beare Fruit: ceaſe to be deckt with flowers, ceaſe to be mantled in Greene; for the pureſt flowers

are

are withered: Thy Garlands decayed: My dear Parents are too untimely bereaft of life: Their ſweet bodies thou harboureſt, and in thy wombe delivereſt them as food unto wormes. Therefore thou cruel Earth, howle and mourne, for thou art unworthy of ſuch bleſſed bodies. And now, Oh you pittiful heaven, heare my complaints, convey them to the ſoules of my deceaſed Parents: for my lamentations by the gentle windes, are blown from the Eaſt unto the Weſt; the dry land, and the watery Seas, are witneſſes unto them: Therefore no day ſhall riſe, but it ſhall heare my complaints: no night ſhall come, but it ſhall give eare to my moanes: neither day nor night ſhall be free from my heart-breaking cries. If that I groane, me thinks the trees are bended, as though they pittied my teares.

The very ground for griefe, I ſee alters her complexion. All that I ſée, all that I hear, all that I fèel, gives freſh increaſe to my ſorrow: I will never henceforth come in peopled Town, nor inhabited City, but wander all alone up and down by low vallies and ſteepy Rocks, or I will dwell in darke Dennes frequented onely by wild Beaſts, where no path of man was ever ſèen, or to the Woods I will go, ſo dark and ſo thick beſet with ſhadowy branches that no Sun may ſhine there by day, nor Star by night may by ſéene, where is heard no noyſe, but the outcries of horrible Goblings, the doleful ſhrieks of Night-Owles, the unluckie ſounds of Ravens and Crowes: there ſhall mine eyes be made watery Fountaines: there will I make ſuch plaints, as Beaſts ſhall mourn to hear them: ſuch plaints will I make, as ſhall rend and rive ſtrong trées, make wild Panthers tame, and mollifie hard flinted ſtones: And if by chance that ſleep oppreſſe me, on the bare and cold ground ſhall theſe wofull limbs reſt, the greene turfe ſhall ſerve as a pillow for my head, boughs and branches of trées ſhall cover me, and then I hope ſome venemous Serpent will ſpèedily give me my deaths wound, that this my poore ſoul may be releaſed from fleſh and blood; by which meanes I may paſſe to thoſe fields, thoſe faire Elizium-fields, where my murthered Parents daily reſort.

In this manner complained the Blacke Knight upon his Parents Grave three dayes and nights together, ſtill kneeling upon the cold ground, and could not by any imagination be comforted:

every

every thing his eyes beheld renewed fresh sorrow, and drew on lamentations: but at last the Powers of Heaven intending to grant him some ease, cast his greatly distressed senses into a quiet slumber, where lying upon his fathers grave we will let him for a time rest.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Fayrie Knight came to be called the worlds Triumph. Of his arrival in England, of the two Knights deaths, and of the proverb used in three Cities of England.

YOu have read in the first part of this historie, how the Fayrie Knight, the Son of Cælia, begot by the Red-rose Knight, was committed (by his mother at her death) to the keeping of the Ladies in the Land: then were there but few men living, being a Countrey only of women: and now being of lusty age, and a knight of renowned valour, he betook himself to travel, the only cause whereof was to finde his Father or some of his kindred whom he had never seene.

Many were the Countries he passed: but more the dangers he indured, all which for this time we omit & will only a little speak of three gifts given him by an Hermite, that had three exceeding vertues; for coming to an Island to seek adventures; it was his chance to save a young beautifull Maiden from ravishing by a satyricall Wild-man; for he having tyed the golden locks of her Haire to two knotty brambles, and being ready to take his venereal pleasure upon her: the Fayrie Knight comming by, and seeing that dishonour and violence offered to so young a Virgin, with his Sword at one blow paired away the Wild-mans head, and so went with the Maiden home to her Fathers house, which was an Hermitage some mile distant off: where being no sooner come, but the good old man having a head more white then silver, but a heart more heavie then Lead, by reason of the want of his daughter cruelly so taken from him, began at her sight to be so cheered, that he had not the power for joy to

speak

speake in a good space: but at last taking the Fayrie Knight by the hand, he led him to an inward room, where he banqueted him with such chéere as his Hermitage affoorded; and after in lieu of his daughters rescue he gave him thrée such gifts, and of thrée such Vertues, as the like seldome had Knight.

The first was a Ring, which whosoever did wear, should never die by treason. The second a Sword, that on what gate soever it strucke, it would presently fly open. The third, and last a viol of such Drink, that whosoever tasted thereof, should presently forget all passed sorrows.

Having received these thrée Gifts of the good old Hermite, he departed, and travelled without any adventure, till he came and found the Black Knight asleep upon his Fathers Grave: whom when the Fayrie Knight had awaked, in countenance they were so alike, as if Nature had made them both one; for indeed they were Brothers by the Fathers side, the one true borne, the other a bastard, yet at the first sight such a secret affection grew betwixt them, that they plighted their faith to each other, vowing never to part friendships.

But when the Blacke Knight had revealed his birth and parentage, his Fathers name and place of birth, the Fayrie Knight resolved himselfe that he had found a brother as well in nature as condition; but when he heard the story of his Fathers life, and the manner of his death, with the murther of Anglicora his unchaste wife, he could not chuse but shed tears, whereof plenty descended down his fair eyes: whereupon he took occasion to speak as followeth:

Heavens rest thy sweet soule, my unknowne father, and may the fruit of thée prove as famous in the world as thou hast bén, but more fortunate in their Marriage-choice; or as my stepmother, though her unchaste life have made her infamous to al woman-kind, yet this in charitie I desire, that when she comes to Plutos Realm that Proserpina may send her to the blessed fields of Elizium, in remembrance of whom in this world, if ever we arrive in that noble country of England, where my knightly father was borne, we will there erect her a stately tombe: yet no epitaph shall shew her disloyal life, but in letters of beaten gold shall remaine engraven upon her tomb, the name of Anglicora, daughter to Prester Iohn, and wife to the Red-rose Knight. Hereupon he gave his new-found bro-

brother the blacke Knight his violl of drinke which the Hermite had given him: who no sooner had tasted, but all former griefes were forgotten.

He remembred not the death of his Father, nor the murther of his Mother, nor what sorrow he had sustained in the Wilderness: but like a iocund Knight girt his sword round about him, and stood on thornes till he was set forward to seeke Martiall adventures.

Hereupon these two Knights departed towards England, and performed many noble deeds of Chivalry by the way. But amongst all others being in the Turkish Court (this is worthy to be noted) for with one bore of the eare the Black Knight killed the Turkes Sonne starke dead for which cause by treason were their lives conspired, and the following night had their Lodging entered by twelve of the Turkes Guard, with an intent to murther them, but by reason of the inchanted Ring, in the which they put both their little fingers, the Guard of a sudden fell all fast in a trance: hereupon the two Knights departed the great Turkish Court.

But no sooner were they out of the City, but a Troop of armed Knights pursued them, and followed them so neerly, that they were forced to enter a Castle that stood by the Sea-side, wherein no creature had abiding: coming to the gate, the Fayrie Knight with his sword struck thereat, and it presently opened: wherein being no sooner entred, but the armed Knights of the Turkish Nation closed them fast in, and caused the Gates to be walled up with Free-stone, and so departed.

Now were these two Knights in more danger of death then ever they had been in all their lives, and sure they had starved, had not good policie preserved their lives: for the Castle-walls were so high, that none durst venture down without great danger. As in greatest extremity mans wit is the quickest for invention: so the two Knights cut off all their haire from their heads, which were very long, and therewithal made a long twisted line or cord, with which they slid from the top of the Wall to the ground.

But this mischance happened, as the Fayrie Knight glided down the cord broke, and his body took such a violent blow against the stony ground, that it fetch the breath quite out of his body, no life by the Black Knight could be perceived, but that his soule was for ever divided from his body.

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This of all misfortunes, was held the extreamest; therefore in great grief he breathed forth this lamentation:

Oh you partial Fates, (quoth he) Oh you unjuſt Deſtinies: Why have you bereft two lives by wounding one; now let the Sun forbear his wonted light, let Heat and Cold, let Drought and Moyſture, let Earth and Aire, let Fire and Water, be all mingled and confounded together; let that old confounded Chaos returne again, and here let the world end. And now you heavens, this is my requeſt, that my ſoul may preſently forſake this fleſh: I have no ſoule of mine own, for it is the ſoul of the Fayrie Knight, for but one ſoul is common to us both: then how can I live, having my ſoul departed which ſpightful death hath now ſeparated? Oh thou my Knightly brother, though the Fates deny to give thee life, yet in ſpight of them I'le follow thee.

You Heavens, receive this falſe ſoule of my true friend, and let not life and death part us; with Eagles wings will I fly after him, and in Loves celeſtial Throne joyne with him in friendſhip

We two in life were but one, one will, one heart, one minde, one ſoul made us one, one life kept us both alive, one being dead draws the other unto death: therefore as we lived in love, ſo will we die in love; and in one grave we may enter both our bodies: how glorious were my death to die with my beloved friend! Now do I loath this life in living alone without my dear brother: whereupon drawing his ſword from his ſide, he ſaid:

Oh thou woful weapon, even thou ſhalt be the means to rid my ſoul from this priſon of my body: Oh faith unfeigned, Oh hand of ſacred friendſhip; I am reſolved both with the force of heart, hand, and ſtrength, to give my heart death's deadly wound: for now my noble Fayrie Knight, this blood I offer up unto thy ſoule. But being ready with his ſword to pierce his own heart, he ſaw a lively blood ſpread in his friends face, and thoſe eyes that were ſo dolefully cloſed up, began now to look abroad; and the countenance that was ſo pale and wan, recovered a freſh complexion; whereupon the Black Knight ſtayed from his deſperate reſolution, and from a bloody tragedian, became the recoverer of his brothers life; who after a while, began to be perfect ſenſible: ſo binding his bruiſed bones together, they went a Shipboord upon a Ship that lay at Anchor at the next Port making for England,

so the next morning the winde serued well, the Pilots hoised saile, and they merrily floated on the waters.

Ten weeks had not passed toward the finishing of a yeare before they arrived on the Chalkie clifts of England: upon which they had no sooner set footing, but with their warme lips gently kissed the cold earth. This is the land of promised glory, said the Fayrie Knight; to finde this Land I haue indured many miseries, to finde this Land I haue passed many Countries, and in this Land must I seal up the last quittance of my life, here shall my bones rest, for I am lawfully descended from the loynes of an English Knight; peace be in my end, for all my dayes haue been spent in much trouble.

In such like discourses left they the shore-side, and travelling further into the land, they met with one of King Arthurs Knights named Sir Launcelot du Lake, so old and lame, that through his bruises in Chivalry, he seemed rather an impotent creature then a Knight at Armes: yet at the sight of these two adventurous Knights, his blood seemed to grow young, and he that before could not march a mile on foote for a Kingdom, now went as lively as any of the two other Knights did: First came they to London, where for their fathers sake they were by the Gouernours most gallantly entertained: the streets were hung round with Arras-hangings, and Tapestry-works: Pageants were in every street, the Conduits ranne with wine, and a solemne holy day was then proclaimed to be kept yearly upon that day; to speake of Banquets prepared for them, the Tilts and Turniaments and such honourable graces, I think it needlesse.

In London in great content they stayed some twenty dayes: in which time came noble messengers from the Court to conduct them to the King that then reigned, for since the Black Knight and his mother departed the land, happened three changes, every one maintaining the ancient honour of King Arthurs Knights of the Round Table, whereof they two in presence of all the nobility were in Knightly sort created.

After this the King ordained a solemne Justing to be kept in his Court, and held in a great honour for fourty dayes: to which Knightly sports resorted the chiefest flowers of Chivalrie from all Countries, as Kings, Princes, Dukes, Earles, Lords and

Knights

Knights; and for chiefe Challenger and Champion for the Countrey, was the Fayrie Knight, who for his matchleſſe manhood therein ſhewne, had this title given him to be called, The worlds Wonder.

After this, being deſirous to ſée the City of Lincoln where the Red-roſe Knight was borne, he in company of his brother and true friend the Black Knight, and old Sir Lancelot du Lake rode thither; at whoſe coming into the Citie, the great Bell (called Tom a Lincoln was rung an houre, which as then was ſeldome done to any, except Kings and renowned warriours returning victoriouſly from bloody Battels.

Here builded they a moſt ſumptuous Minſter, which this day remaines in great magnificence and glory.

Likewiſe here built they a moſt ſtately Tombe in remembrance of their Parents, the like as then no place of England afforded.

Thus having left the noble ſeats of Chivalrie, they lived a life zealous and moſt pleaſing to God: erecting many Almes-houſes for poore people, giving thereto great Wealth and treaſure, and when nature ended their days, they were buried in the ſame Minſter, both in one Tombe: with like ſolemnities ſo richly ſet up with Pillars of Gold, that above all it grew the moſt famous: whereupon ſince that time was the old Proverbe of three cities growne common to all, in theſe words, Lincon is, London was, Yorke ſhall be.

FINIS.